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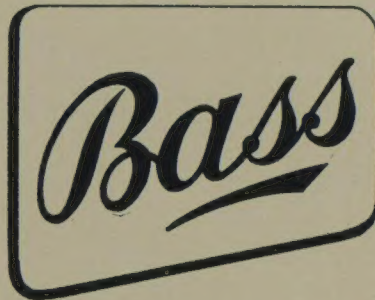
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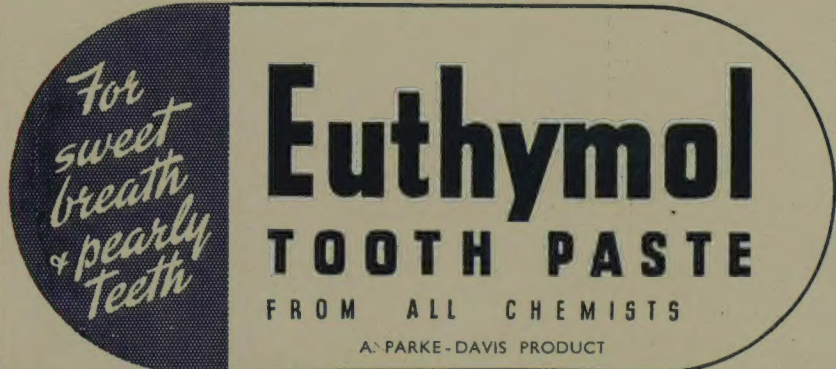
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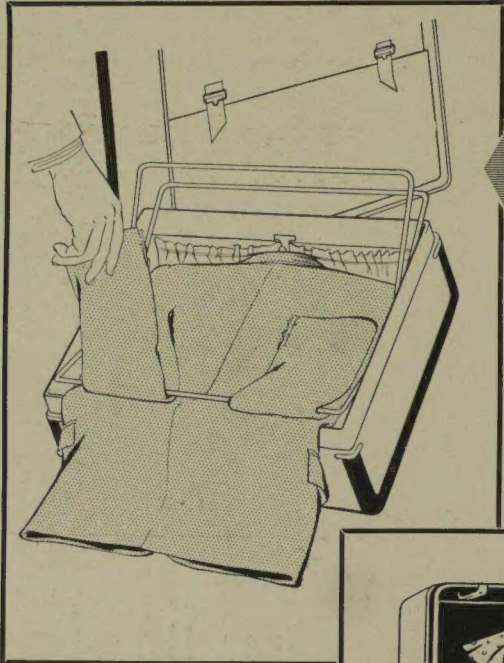
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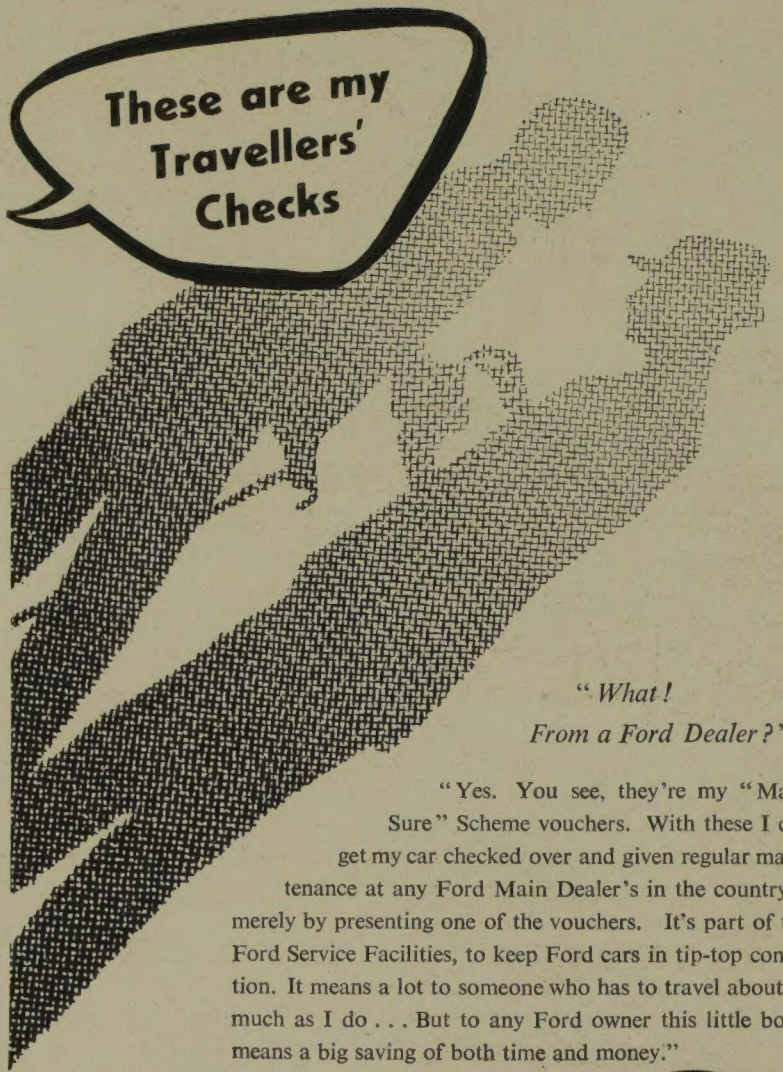
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SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1950.



A GREATLY LOVED ROYAL LADY: H.M. QUEEN MARY, MOTHER OF HIS MAJESTY THE KING, WHO RECENTLY CELEBRATED HER EIGHTY-THIRD BIRTHDAY.

Queen Mary, only daughter of the late Duke of Teck, was born on May 26, 1867. She is greatly loved, and the fact that she bears her years so lightly is a cause for rejoicing by all the subjects of her son, the King. She not only carries out official engagements and is present at many State and public functions (she toured the Chelsea Flower Show and the British Industries Fair, and saw both the Derby and the Oaks) but to the admiration of everyone, not long ago, completed a large

gros point carpet, which she presented to the nation for exhibition and sale in America and Canada as her second contribution to the dollar drive. Her first was a set of chair-seats in *gros point*. She works continuously at *gros point* and graciously allowed a recently completed panel of her work to be shown in the Women's Adjustment Board Needlework Exhibition, on June 5. On her birthday she received countless messages from all parts of the country, the Commonwealth and foreign lands.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

TICKELL, the elder, of Eton, "Bernard Black-mantle" wrote 130 years ago, "loved fighting and knew not what fear was; he went among his schoolfellows by the name of Hannibal and Old Tough." They would not have been inappropriate names for the great Field Marshal who has now, his life of service to England ended, passed into history. Archibald Wavell did not love fighting; but he came of fighting stock and made fighting his trade. He was of a slightly older vintage than the other great commanders whom Britain threw up in the late war—Alanbrooke, Montgomery, Alexander, Slim, Paget, O'Connor and a dozen more; had been, to many of them, their teacher and exemplar in the lean, frustrating years when the British public and Treasury slighted and starved the professional soldier. Then, by one of the happy accidents of our history, he found himself in supreme command at the vital point at a moment when the whole fate of this country and the world depended on military action of the most skilful, daring and difficult kind and at a time when normally—as almost inevitably happens after a long period of peace—worthy but mediocre men of routine hold high command in the armies of an unmilitary nation.

That point was not this country or the French battlefields of the 1914-18 war—the places where in 1940 most Englishmen expected to see their armies fighting. It was in the desert between Egypt and Libya and in the mountains about Abyssinia. Though few realised it at the time, it was here, above everywhere else, that British soldiers had to stem the Axis tide if mastery of the world was not to pass to Hitler, Mussolini and the Japanese war lords. So long as the key to the Middle East remained in British hands, the Eastern Mediterranean was a door barred between the two halves of the Axis instead of the channel of communication between them. Provided it was kept barred, the monstrous follies of attack on Soviet Russia and Pearl Harbour were, given Axis ambition, greed and impatience, inevitable.

Yet how to keep that door barred was the question. The means which Wavell possessed were ludicrously inadequate. Even after Churchill's and Dill's heroic decision to send out of Britain the best of what little armour had survived Dunkirk, while the air and sea battles for command of the Channel were still unresolved, Wavell was so short of resources that he was forced to deflect his solitary regular infantry division—an Indian one—from the Western Desert to Eritrea on the third day of his successful offensive against Mussolini's Army of Egypt. During the fateful year when Britain stood alone, the British Commander-in-Chief had to fight campaign after campaign—nine in all—with resources of gossamer. He had three assets: the native valour of the British, Indian, Australian and African soldiers who served under him, the precarious but effective command of the sea maintained against all odds by Andrew Cunningham and Somerville, and his own genius, shrewdness and tenacity—above all, his own tenacity. It was this quality, compounded of toughness and robustness, that, in his profound and brilliant essay on the art of generalship, he defined as the most essential of all for a military commander. It was happy, indeed, for England that he and others possessed it at that hour. He, Churchill, Dowding and Andrew Cunningham were the granite cliffs which withstood the storm and on which Britain's miraculous defence of the world's freedom was based.

What was greatest in Wavell, as I suppose in every really great commander, was his combination of quick, sensitive awareness with this robust capacity for endurance. Without the latter the former would have been unavailing. War is the most shocking and punishing of all activities, and when one side is fully prepared and the other side is not—the invariable historical lot of Britain at the beginning of her wars—this is doubly and trebly so. Those who fought for

the first time at Dunkirk, or in Greece and Cyprus and against Rommel in the desert, will understand best what I mean. Even for a company or platoon commander, command there meant a constant succession of shocks and apparently irretrievable disasters. How much greater and more numerous the shocks and disasters that had to be borne and overcome by the supreme commander. As the perspective of the history of our time widens, few things, I believe, will

THE MARINES' FAREWELL TO CHATHAM.



THE END OF A 250-YEAR-OLD ASSOCIATION: THE FAMOUS BAND OF THE ROYAL MARINES, CHATHAM, PLAYING AT THE LAST PARADE OF THE KING'S AND REGIMENTAL COLOURS OF THE ROYAL MARINES, CHATHAM DIVISION, BEFORE THE MARINES WERE TRANSFERRED TO PORTSMOUTH AND PLYMOUTH.



MARCHING ON THE KING'S AND REGIMENTAL COLOURS OF THE ROYAL MARINES, CHATHAM DIVISION, FOR THE LAST TIME. THE CEREMONY WAS PERFORMED IN SLOW TIME TO THE PLAYING OF "AULD LANG SYNE."

On May 27, the 250-year-old association of the Royal Marines with Chatham was ended when the King's and Regimental Colours of the Royal Marines, Chatham Division, were paraded for the last time in the Chatham Barracks before the transfer of the Marines to Portsmouth and Plymouth. The farewell parade was watched by more than 2000 serving and former Marines and their relatives. The salute was taken by Major-General R. A. R. Neville, Officer Commanding the Chatham Group; and among those present were Lieut.-General Sir Leslie Hollis, Commandant-General, Royal Marines, and three former Marines who took part in the parade when the Chatham Colours were presented to the Division by the Duke of Edinburgh and of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha in 1896. The Royal Marines have occupied the Chatham barracks since 1755; and although the first association of the Corps with the three Medway towns is uncertain, there is a record of its having been at Rochester in 1708. The Honorary Freedom of Chatham was presented to the Royal Marines on December 8 last year. On the morning of May 28 the Colours were laid up in Rochester Cathedral—see opposite page.

be seen to be so moving in retrospect as the silent and uncomplaining fortitude with which Wavell bore these strains and disasters—the price of years of national neglect and folly—and the invincible resolution with which he set himself, in the midst of them, to hit the enemy as often and as hard as he could. Lesser men, who have never borne, and have lacked the imagination to visualise, his burdens and responsibilities, have sometimes criticised him for what he failed

to do when he faced the Axis Goliath with his pebble sling and broken knife. The manner in which he held him may not seem to such pedants very orthodox or elegant, nor were they always successful. But the simple, decisive, eloquent fact remains that in that decisive year of holding the breach, the Middle East was held and the Axis defeated in its most indispensable object. For that Wavell will take his rightful place among the great figures of English history.

He belongs to the tradition of the rock, of the rearguard, and of the patiently enduring; his place in this is with Elliott of Gibraltar, with Collingwood, with Moore. Yet he was a man of the most daring and original mind, whose place—had he been free to choose it—would have been with the attackers, the Clives, the Wolfes and Montroses of our history. His immediate hero and exemplar—whose life he wrote and with whom, in the First World War, he served—was Allenby of Jerusalem, probably, with Fuller of Cambrai and Lawrence of Arabia, the one military commander of imaginative genius whom Great Britain produced in the First World War. Wavell loved original genius allied to courage and, himself a bulwark of the conventions and the English norm, always gave it its head within the broad frame-

work of discipline in which in this world it can alone usefully operate. Orde Wingate and Bernard Fergusson were among his protégés. Like Nelson, he had an extraordinary capacity for trusting men of exceptional quality and giving them their head.

He was an exceedingly lovable man—generous, kind and, under his tough fibre, most sensitive: a poet as well as a soldier. I knew him only very slightly, and though on every occasion that I met him I was captivated by his quiet, humorous charm, his beautiful and balanced understanding and, above all, by the all-pervading sense of the strength, simplicity and towering dignity of his character, others are infinitely better qualified to write of his personal qualities. What it needed no close personal acquaintance to see in him, were his enduring courage and his wisdom. The latter is written into the record of his public and professional service in England's most dangerous hour. When the full story of that hour comes to be written—and it is the business of historians, living and unborn, to see that it is written and that justice is done where justice belongs—this quality will be appreciated almost as much as his courage. I have just been re-reading his essay on generalship and have been struck, as a student of military history on a small scale, by the wisdom and balance of his judgment when applied to the period which I have studied in most detail. His comparative estimate of Napoleon and Wellington, though unconventional and written when he was holding high command himself in war, seems to me most just and true. I will end with his thumbnail sketch of Belisarius which appears in the same essay. I think it might be taken as his own epitaph.

"Belisarius is a particular favourite of mine. He seems to have had more imagination and originality than any great commander of whom I have read. He was always devising means to outwit his enemy and to attain his objectives by stratagem as much as by fighting. Yet he was a great fighter and a great trainer of fighting men. He served his ungrateful master Justinian with loyalty and discretion; and certainly had the power of handling allies successfully. A very great commander in every way, with a very gallant heart in adversity."



THE END OF AN OLD ASSOCIATION: THE LAYING-UP OF THE COLOURS OF THE ROYAL MARINES, CHATHAM DIVISION, IN ROCHESTER CATHEDRAL—A VIEW OF THE SERVICE, SHOWING THE COLOUR PARTY APPROACHING THE ALTAR.

The last stage of the ceremonies attending the leaving of the Chatham Barracks by the Royal Marines, Chatham Division—see opposite page—was the service in Rochester Cathedral on the morning of May 28. After the final parade, on the previous day, of the King's and Regimental Colours, they were housed for the last time in the officers' mess of the 263-year-old barracks. On May 28 thousands of people lined the streets to watch the Marines march to the service in Rochester Cathedral for

the laying-up of the Colours. On many buildings notices could be seen hanging, urging people to sign a petition protesting against the Marines' removal from Chatham to Portsmouth and Plymouth. The sermon at the service was preached by the Dean of Rochester (the Very Reverend T. Crick), who said that he hoped that some time in the very near future another Dean might have the pleasure of handing the Colours back to the Marines.



MOTERING DOWN-RIVER: A SPECIAL CONSIGNMENT OF UNDERWATER JEEPS UNDERGOING TRIALS AT THE FACTORY BEFORE DELIVERY TO THE UNITED STATES NAVY.
The first delivery of 1000 Willys-Overland underwater jeeps, manufactured by the Bureau of Ships, was made recently to the United States Navy. The vehicles are fitted with deep-water fording equipment which enables the vehicles to be driven even when they are completely submerged.

MARVELS OF THE MODERN WORLD: GADGETS AND INVENTIONS.



SHOWING THE EXTENSIONS TO THE EXHAUST AND AIR-INTAKE: AN UNDERWATER JEEP SUBMERGED IN A TEST TANK AT THE FACTORY BEFORE DELIVERY.



ON EXHIBITION AT FORT MONMOUTH, NEW JERSEY, DURING ARMED FORCES WEEK: AN AEROBEE ROCKET.
During the recent celebration of Armed Forces Week in the United States an exhibition of equipment was held at Fort Monmouth, New Jersey, the headquarters of the Signal Corps. Our photograph shows an officer explaining the mechanism of an Aerobee rocket to interested spectators.



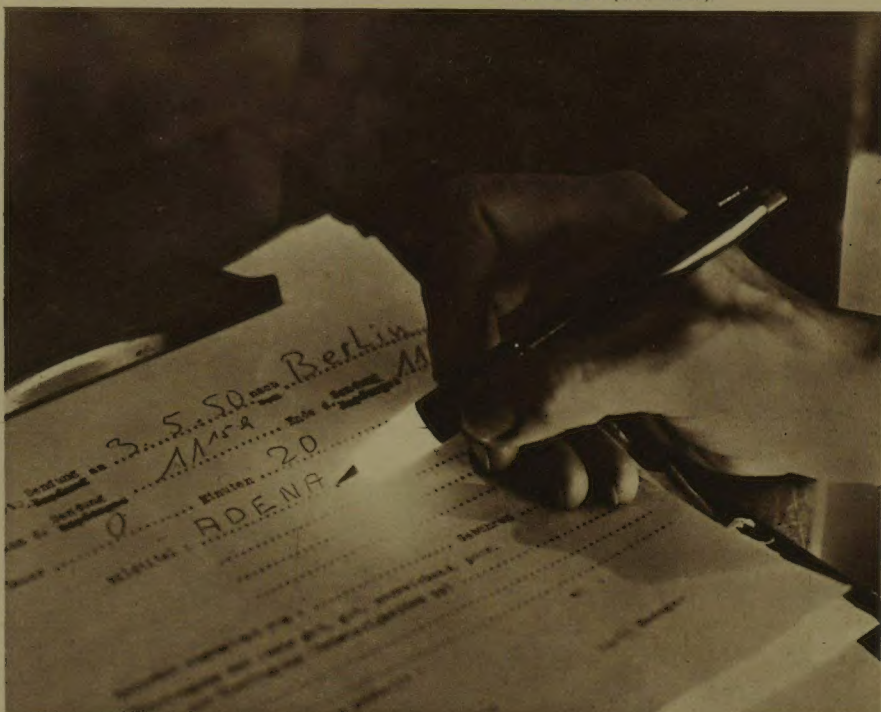
A DEVICE THAT CHANGES "WINDOW-SHOPPING" FROM A TEMPTATION TO REALITY: THE "TELL-IT-TO."
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A VISUAL TELEPHONE CONVERSATION: "VIDEOPHONE," A COMBINATION OF TELEVISION AND TELEPHONE.
The U.S. Army Signal Corps also demonstrated a combination of television and telephone at the Armed Forces Day exhibition in New Jersey. Our photograph shows a corporal speaking to a W.A.C., whose face appears on the television screen. One television "eye" can be seen (dark circle).



TESTING MILITARY SLEEPING-BAGS AT THE ARMY QUARTERMASTER CLIMATIC RESEARCH LABORATORY IN MASSACHUSETTS: "LUMPY," A DUMMY LINED WITH ELECTRICAL HEAT UNITS.
A life-sized dummy named "Lumpy" is helping to test military sleeping-bags at Lawrence, Massachusetts. "Lumpy" is lined with electrical heat units, controls making it possible to increase or diminish heat in any part of his body. "Lumpy" finds out which bags provide the best protection.



LIT BY A TINY BATTERY WHICH BURNS FOR THREE HOURS: A BALL-TYPE PEN OF GERMAN MANUFACTURE WITH A BUILT-IN FLASHLIGHT.
Writing in the dark or under bad lighting conditions has been made possible by a ball-type pen with a built-in flashlight. The pen, which is lit by a tiny battery which burns for three hours, is manufactured by a firm in Frankfurt.

PRINCESS MARGARET AT CANTERBURY: ST. EDMUND'S SCHOOL BICENTENARY.



PRINCESS MARGARET BEING INTRODUCED TO THE MASTERS OF ST. EDMUND'S SCHOOL, CANTERBURY, DURING THE SCHOOL'S RECENT BICENTENARY FESTIVAL.



STARTING YOUNG AS NEWS PHOTOGRAPHERS: BOYS OF KING'S SCHOOL, CANTERBURY, TAKING PHOTOGRAPHS OF H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET'S VISIT TO ST. EDMUND'S SCHOOL.



WHILE AT CANTERBURY, PRINCESS MARGARET VISITED THE CATHEDRAL, AND IS HERE SEEN WITH THE ARCHBISHOP (CENTRE) MEETING THE DEAN (DR. HEWLETT JOHNSON).

St. Edmund's School, now at Canterbury, was founded in 1749 by the Clergy Orphan Corporation and was originally situated in Yorkshire. It later moved to St. John's Wood, and in 1854 came to its present home at Canterbury. During the week May 29 to June 4 it has been celebrating its bicentenary with a varied programme, including music, cricket, drama and the unveiling of the War Memorial. But perhaps the highlight of the week was the prizegiving, which was honoured by the presence of Princess



WALKING THROUGH THE GROUNDS OF ST. EDMUND'S SCHOOL: PRINCESS MARGARET BETWEEN THE ARCHBISHOP (RIGHT) AND THE HEADMASTER, MR. W. M. THOSEBY.



PRIZEGIVING DAY IN ST. EDMUND'S BICENTENARY FESTIVAL: PRINCESS MARGARET PRESENTING A BOOK TO ONE OF THE YOUNGER PRIZEWINNERS.

Margaret. This last took place on May 31 when the Princess paid her first visit to Canterbury. In the morning she went to the Cathedral and was shown round it by the Dean. She was then entertained to luncheon by the Archbishop and Mrs. Fisher. In the afternoon she went to St. Edmund's School, was received by the Headmaster, Mr. W. M. Thoseby, inspected a Combined Cadet Force guard of honour and later presented the prizes in a marquee in the gardens.



MARCHING IN MILITARY FORMATION DURING THE WHITSUN RALLY AND PROCESSION THROUGH BERLIN: UNIFORMED GIRLS OF THE FREE GERMAN YOUTH ORGANISATION.



TAKING PART IN THE PROCESSION: A DETACHMENT OF THE SEMI-MILITARY EAST GERMAN PEOPLE'S POLICE, SUBJECT OF ALLIED NOTES OF PROTEST TO THE RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT.



INDICATING THE ENTHUSIASM WHICH GREETED A SPEECH BY PRESIDENT PIECK: A CROWD OF YOUNG PIONEERS WAVING FLAGS DURING THE RALLY CELEBRATIONS.

THE much-discussed Rally of the Communist Free German Youth and Young Pioneers in the Soviet Sector of Berlin, which lasted from May 27 to 29, passed off without any incidents of a serious nature in the capital. The banners, uniforms and music which gave a semi-military atmosphere to the procession which marched past President Pieck and the East German Government in the Lustgarten made a strong appeal to Teutonic boys and girls. The Whitsun parade was the first display of its kind dedicated to the Free German Youth, though it has been in existence for four years, ever since the formation of the Socialist Unity Party. Early in 1948 there were 415,000 members; when the Soviet Zone became the German Democratic Republic last October the total had increased to 800,000, and is now said to amount to 1,199,000 in the age groups from 14 to 24. In addition, the Young Pioneers have brought in children from 4 to 14. Ideological schooling in the Communist theory is one of the chief features of the organisation which, however, bears a close resemblance to the Nazi Youth.



ILLUSTRATING THE YOUTH OF MEMBERS OF THE FREE GERMAN YOUTH AND YOUNG PIONEERS: PIG-TAILED GERMAN GIRLS AND THEIR ELDER SISTERS IN PROCESSION.



SHOWING A HUGE PORTRAIT OF STALIN IN THE BACKGROUND: A DETACHMENT OF BLUE SHIRTS CLAPPING THEIR HANDS OVER THEIR HEADS AS THEY MARCH.

COMMUNIST—YET STRONGLY RECALLING THE NAZI ORGANISATION: THE FREE GERMAN YOUTH ON THEIR WHITSUN PARADE.



A "NEW SECTOR OF THE IDEOLOGICAL SPECTRUM": BLUE SHIRTS OF THE FREE GERMAN YOUTH BEARING BANNERS AS THEY MARCH THROUGH BERLIN IN THE WHITSUN RALLY.



WAVING BUNCHES OF FLOWERS AND CHEERING AS THEY STREAM THROUGH THE BERLIN STREETS: GIRLS OF THE GERMAN COMMUNIST YOUTH ORGANISATION IN HIGH SPIRITS.

BLUE SHIRTS AND CHEERING GIRLS OF COMMUNIST GERMANY: SCENES AT THE BERLIN FREE GERMAN YOUTH RALLY.

As pointed out in *The Times* on May 27, the Free German Youth and Young Pioneers' Organisation enjoys a monopoly of the things which make life attractive for the young. "It has uniforms, banners, bands, parades, and basks in the sunshine of official approval and preferment. It has more or less absorbed the organisation that controls all forms of sport in the Republic," writes the Berlin correspondent, and he adds that the Nazi phenomenon of children asking

permission to join a youth organisation of which their parents do not approve is often repeated. The Rally and festivities over Whitsuntide in Berlin passed off without incidents, but a clash occurred on the frontier between the Russian and British Zones near Lübeck when young Communists returning to the West refused to submit to a medical examination ordered by the Ministry of Interior of Schleswig-Holstein, but the difficulty was solved by a compromise.

THE prolonged and apparently unbreakable antagonism between Soviet Russia and the Western Powers is without doubt the most sinister feature of the world to-day. It enshrouds the whole background, and the minds of the more serious return to it again and again, however unwillingly. It spoils what would otherwise be happy moments and cheerful anticipations, as if a man giving a feast to his friends had had to invite to it his own executioner and set him at the head of the table, so that every time his eyes turned in that direction he was reminded in the most unpleasant way of impending doom. Moreover, in this phase of bleak hostility which has been so fittingly called "cold war," Russia has by reason of her closed and isolated organisation gained one considerable advantage. Her motives and intentions are veiled. We do not even know who are the most prominent framers of her policy, and we gravely suspect that the experts who are by way of telling us about these things are themselves merely guessing, even if their guesses have a rather better foundation than those of the general public. The advantage is of a double nature. First, it provides actual secrecy, which is very valuable in itself; secondly, it gives the Soviet Union a psychological superiority to the Westerners, whose minds are rendered yet more uneasy by lack of certainty.

I have given a word of caution about trusting experts in these matters, and I have never pretended to be one myself. It is with this reservation that I put forward a theory which has the support of some who, if not experts, because there are practically none in the sense that a diplomatist may be an expert on Italy, are at least shrewd observers, and as well informed as anyone is likely to be. It is that Stalin himself, still all-powerful in major affairs, is extremely averse to war with the United States and doubtful about the final prospects of the Soviet Union in such a struggle, however well things went for it at the start. These observers go on to prophesy that while Stalin lives and keeps his power—not necessarily the same thing, but probably so—there will be no war brought on by Russian aggression. They do not know who are his chief supporters in the policy which they attribute to him, or whether there is an opposition of serious strength, but they firmly believe that the veteran is determined not to risk a great conflict and that, unless his health should collapse, he will be strong enough to have his way. His strength they attribute not only to will power and skill in manoeuvre, but also to popular prestige. He is the man who saved Russia from Germany, and that belief in the public mind is for him an enormous asset.

On the other hand, he is no longer young, and his health is no longer good; it has, in fact, given rise to anxiety from time to time. If he were to become incapable of personally controlling Soviet policy there might be a change, and the chances of this will be even greater at his death. It can be assumed that he has done whatever lies in his power to make the succession smooth and proof against accident; but in a country and in a party where intrigue, high passions, and extreme violence have always been rife not even he can ensure that everything will go as planned. A violent internal struggle might bring about a war, even if it were not the war party which was victorious in that struggle. There might be confusion without as well as within. The observers of whom I have spoken believe that the end of the Stalin régime might well be marked by a break-away on the part of certain of the satellites. This might have the effect of weakening Russian power, but it would also tend to bring about great disorder and disturbance, and they might prove to be the hotbed of war.

The question to be asked is how far we can rely upon the theory set out above. From what I have already written it will be seen that I do not believe in the possibility of absolute reliance upon any theory about post-war Soviet Russia. This, however, I find to be plausible, and, however tightly the Kremlin seals itself up, there do remain certain sources of information, of fair quality, though not absolutely sure, which support the theory. Stalin himself has exhibited statesmanlike qualities. On the foreign side he knows no more of the outer world than his subordinates, but his long contemplation of it, even if from a distance, and his balanced judgment may serve to compensate for this deficiency. His strategic flair in war has been proved. In the earlier stages, when Germany was in the ascendant, he repeatedly asserted that his country was capable of defeating her if the Western Powers would take a larger proportion of the weight off his shoulders. Some of our military experts believed that the most the Red Army could do would be to lean heavily upon the Germans, but it was Stalin who had the right of it.

Assuming that we can, with reservations and precautions, accept the view that from the Russian side Stalin is the

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. RUSSIA AND THE WESTERN POWERS.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

best safeguard of peace, how should that view affect our policy? It seems obvious that we ought to increase our efforts to convince him that our intentions are peaceable. There I think we may have been too restrained. My readers will acknowledge that I have not favoured a policy of appeasement in the sense in which the word was used before the Second World War. I have approved of the setting up of Western Union and constantly urged that it should be strengthened. I have approved of the Atlantic

the impression that it was dictated by weakness or fear. In truth, I do not believe that there is much to fear as to the final result of an armed conflict. The danger is that it would wreck and ruin the world—and in that wreck and ruin Soviet Russia itself might well be involved. Is it possible to make such an approach on what may be called many lines? If not, what is the alternative?

The alternative may not be an early war, but the probability is that it will be an eventual war. In the course of history, when great international coalitions have been lined up one against the other in unrelenting opposition war has generally resulted in the long run. I wrote here not long ago that I did not expect an early war, but that I did not disguise my belief that the signs pointed to an eventual war. War is becoming not less probable but more, because the atmosphere of war has been thickening instead of clearing. When statesmen and people contemplate each other with hostility for long enough, blood gets into the eyes so that they can no longer see any alternative. Since I wrote in that vein there has been no reason to suppose that war has become more imminent, but on the other hand no cause to hope that it has become less probable.

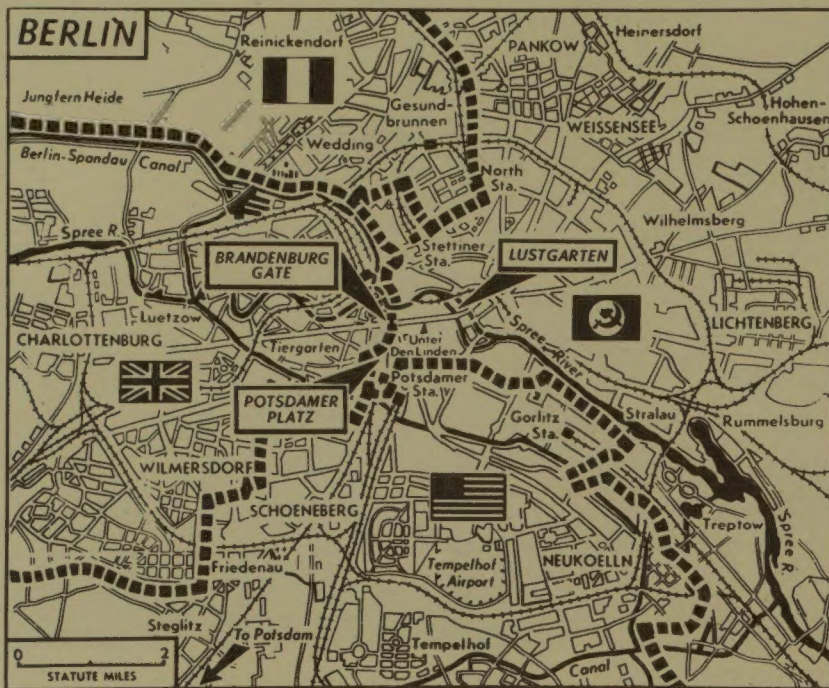
It is not unfair to say that there is a special obligation upon democracy to take the initiative in making clear its point of view, because on the other side men's minds are shrouded in a bleak, gloomy and fatalistic political creed which renders such an initiative a virtual impossibility. We ought to be able to show that we are free from such prejudices, which are in fact foreign to the political faith that we profess.

I am far from asserting that the prospect of no immediate war, which I have ventured to assume, is not in itself extremely welcome because every respite is valuable, by reason of the possibilities which it affords of outside developments improving the prospect of peace. At the same time, war ten or twenty years hence is as bad as war next year, and we ought to be as unwilling that our children or grandchildren should be subjected to it as that we ourselves should be its victims.

Unfortunately, we are not. The tendency is to look upon the evil which seems to be a long way ahead with much less anxiety and aversion than the evil which seems to be just round the corner. My aim in what I have written is to express a warning that, so far as I can see, the world is heading towards an ultimate third war. My training has been in the analysis of war rather than in that of policy, so that I realise the danger more easily than I see the remedy. I am convinced that it is a very real danger and that it is not being faced even as thoroughly as such danger was faced before 1914 and 1939, when the efforts made were serious, though they proved inadequate. I repeat that I would have nothing to do with cringing, any more than with the Communist remedy of disarmament and complete submission to the dominance of Russia, and that I am delighted to see work of implementation of the Atlantic Treaty going forward and American arms reaching Europe.

If I have interpreted correctly the attitude of Stalin towards war, he constitutes a hope for humanity. I do not credit him with any particular love for humanity in general, and I conceive that the motive

for the restraint which he is credited with imposing is in the main respect for American industrial strength. Nevertheless, though the instinct of self-preservation may not be the loftiest, it is to be appreciated in an age with a tendency to unbalanced recklessness, one in which, to quote a modern critic, states are ready "to enter upon a war in which, even if victorious, the gains, measured by any rational standards, are immeasurably smaller than the inevitable losses." The increase of the terrible in war has not gone hand in hand with increased precautions to avoid it. In a certain sense the Second World War was lost, not by Germany and Italy only, but by all the European and perhaps the Asiatic States which took part in it. In another war there would probably be no true victors whatever.



"... FAILURE TO STAND UP TO RUSSIA WOULD ALWAYS BE INTERPRETED AS A SIGN OF WEAKNESS AND LEAD TO RENEWED ATTEMPTS TO HUMILIATE US": A MAP SHOWING THE LUSTGARTEN WHERE THE FREE GERMAN YOUTH AND YOUNG PIONEERS PARADED DURING THE WHITSUN RALLY AND THE POINTS WHERE PRECAUTIONS WERE TAKEN TO PREVENT THEM INFILTRATING INTO THE WESTERN SECTORS.

The Whitsun Rally of the Communist Free German Youth and Young Pioneers in the Soviet sector of Berlin passed off quietly, and there was no "invasion" of the Western sectors. In a statement, Major-General Taylor, the U.S. Commandant, said that the week-end was one of the quietest he had had in Berlin, and was a victory for the Western forces. A challenge and a threat had been deliberately made and flatly answered. Photographs of the Rally appear on pages 890-891.



"... IT IS BY NO MEANS SURE THAT GOOD WILL NOT COME OF IT AND DIFFICULT TO CONCEIVE THAT IT CAN RESULT IN ANY HARM": THE VISIT OF MR. TRYGVE LIE TO RUSSIA; SHOWING THE SECRETARY-GENERAL OF THE UNITED NATIONS (ON RIGHT) ADDRESSING A PRESS CONFERENCE IN MOSCOW ON MAY 18 AFTER HIS CONVERSATIONS WITH MR. STALIN IN THE KREMLIN.

Treaty and expressed the hope that it should function practically at the earliest possible moment. I fully realise that failure to stand up to Russia would always be interpreted as a sign of weakness and lead to renewed attempts to humiliate us. Yet it is doubtful whether this country has made its desire for peace clear enough, and this is truer still of the United States. At each international conference a formal statement is made that the Western Powers desire peace and will not under any circumstances commit themselves to an aggressive war; but it is a little too formal.

It is for this reason that I have in the past advocated less conventional approaches, despite the apparently strong arguments advanced against them. I still consider that they ought not to be ruled out. There has been criticism, for example, of the visit made by Mr. Lie to Moscow, but

AN ENGLISH PUBLIC SCHOOL CELEBRATES ITS QUATERCENTENARY: SHERBORNE.



THE TRAINING-GROUND OF MANY WEST COUNTRY FAMILIES: SHERBORNE SCHOOL; SHOWING THE OLDEST PART (LEFT FOREGROUND), AND THE "ABBOT'S LODGING."



COMMEMORATING THE 400TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE GRANTING OF ITS CHARTER BY EDWARD VI.: SHERBORNE SCHOOL, LOOKING ACROSS THE "COURTS" FROM THE MAIN GATEWAY.

On June 1, the King and Queen paid a visit to Sherborne School, Dorsetshire, which is this week commemorating the 400th anniversary of the granting of its charter by Edward VI. The school has probably enjoyed a continuous life since the days of St. Aldhelm, in the eighth century, but it is from its refounding in 1550, when the school was given a good endowment of land, that the modern

school dates its origin. The last headmaster under the old system, William Gybson, was chosen first headmaster of the new school, which started its modern history on the site of the ancient Benedictine monastery with which it had been long, if loosely, connected. In those days the number of boys averaged sixty to seventy. Photographs showing present-day life in this old public school appear overleaf.

HONoured BY A ROYAL VISIT ON THE OCCASION OF ITS 400TH ANNIVERSARY: SHERBORNE SCHOOL.



PRE-NATIONAL SERVICE TRAINING AT SHERBORNE: A PARADE OF THE COMBINED CADET FORCE IN THE "COURTS." IN THE BACKGROUND SOME OF THE SCHOOL BUILDINGS CAN BE SEEN.



IN THE CONVERTED ABBOT'S LODGING, A BEAUTIFUL FIFTEENTH-CENTURY HOUSE: ONE OF THE STUDIES, WHICH IS SHARED BY THREE BOYS.



A MEAL IN THE DINING-HALL, WHICH WAS ONCE THE SCHOOLHOUSE. THE STATUE OF KING EDWARD VI. (RIGHT-CENTRE) WAS SET UP IN THE SCHOOL IN 1614. IT WAS HIDDEN WHILE PARLIAMENTARY SOLDIERS WERE BILLETED IN THE SCHOOL DURING THE CIVIL WAR, BUT LATER RETRIEVED.



WALKING THROUGH THE MAIN GATEWAY, WHICH IS SURMOUNTED BY THE ROYAL ARMS OF EDWARD VI.: BOYS OF SHERBORNE WEARING THE DISTINCTIVE SHERBORNE STRAW HATS.



NOW HOUSING THE SCHOOL LIBRARY: THE FIFTEENTH-CENTURY GUESTEN HALL OF THE MONASTERY, WHICH HAS A FINE OLD ROOF AND A THIRTEENTH-CENTURY WINDOW.

Sherborne School, the earliest of the Grammar Schools founded, or, rather, re-founded, by Edward VI., is celebrating this week the 400th anniversary of the granting of its charter in 1550. It occupies the site of the Benedictine Monastery of Sherborne. the chapel, library, and study buildings, which adjoin the Abbey Church, having been formed from the monastic remains. Besides these buildings there are to-day a large schoolroom, twenty-two class-rooms, six laboratories, art school, music school, gymnasium, museum, sanatorium, workshops, swimming-bath, covered rifle range, cricket-ground, of about forty acres, squash rackets courts and fives-

LIFE AT SHERBORNE—WHICH IS CELEBRATING THE QUATERCENTENARY OF ITS RE-FOUNDATION.



ON HIS WAY ACROSS THE "COURTS" TO TAKE A CLASS: CANON ALEXANDER ROSS WALLACE, HEADMASTER OF SHERBORNE FOR FIFTEEN YEARS, WHO IS RETIRING IN JULY.



LEARNING HISTORY IN THE MEDIAEVAL SURROUNDINGS OF THE OLD MONASTERY STOREHOUSE: A HISTORY CLASS AT SHERBORNE TAKEN BY MR. H. H. BROWN.



A SCHOOL OF "RAMBLING HALLS AND HOUSES OF ALL AGES": SHERBORNE, SHOWING A GROUP OF BOYS IN THE "UNDERCROFT," WHICH DATES BACK TO 1453.

courts. The Preparatory School is not part of King Edward's Foundation, but it is worked in close connection with it, and enjoys the use of the School Chapel, gymnasium, swimming-bath, etc. During the last twenty-five years the school's fortunes, which declined towards the end of the last century, have soared. Both in scholarship and games steady progress has been made, and in 1949 the numbers in the school reached 555, having risen from under 200 at the turn of the century. Canon Alexander Ross Wallace, who has done so much for Sherborne during the fifteen years of his headmastership, is to retire in July.



MODERN SHERBORNE: AN ART CLASS IN SESSION IN THE WELL-LIGHTED AND FULLY EQUIPPED STUDIO. MRS. R. GERVIS IS THE SCHOOL ART MISTRESS.



DISSECTING A DOG-FISH: F. M. ANDERTON, HEAD OF THE SCHOOL AND CAPTAIN OF CRICKET AND RUGBY FOOTBALL, AT WORK IN THE BIOLOGY LABORATORY. THERE ARE ABOUT 550 BOYS IN THE SCHOOL TO-DAY, AND 100 IN THE PREPARATORY SCHOOL.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

UNTIL a few years ago, when I retired from the nursery world, Chelsea Flower Show for me was a terrific and utterly exhausting business. Ten days or so of final preparation, putting up my exhibits, then the three or four days of the Show itself; and so back to the country, sticky, gritty, and matted from so much London, and utterly jaded from so much talk with so many people. However, a couple of hot baths in quick succession (figure of speech) and floods of the sort of tea that one only gets at home soon put all that right. Then round the garden. Always it was a bit of an anti-climax after the sumptuous unreality, and the unbelievable make-believe of Chelsea—dahlias, auriculas, tulips and chrysanthemums all flowering together, as in a painting by Van Huysum. Whole mountainsides of rock ablaze with Alpine plants—and too often bedding violas and double daisies—and mountain torrents cascading hour after hour into limpid pools which miraculously never seemed to overflow, and the gardens, Dutch, rose, sunk or Old World, all sprung up overnight, and all destined to vanish, without trace, after a day or two. The realities of one's own real garden at home—buds that had opened during one's absence, seeds that had germinated, and weeds that had flourished, soon got the exhibitionism and window-dressing of Chelsea into perspective.

I expect most gardeners suffer from this post-Chelsea hangover, rather like trout after the Mayfly season. But the trout eventually get back to normal, less sumptuous fare, and gardeners soon become absorbed with seedlings, slugs, greenfly and a few floral successes.

Chelsea for me was a much less strenuous affair this year than in the past. I motored up from the Cotswolds on the Sunday. No exhibit to worry about, except one hybrid *Lewisia* in a pot, flowering for the first time. I thought of putting it before a Floral Committee, but it took umbrage at Chelsea, or at London, atmosphere, and refused to play. So I gave it to a friend, and was free to enjoy myself. During the final days of preparation, Chelsea Show lies behind an iron curtain. Without cast-iron credentials and passports, no one may enter. And quite right too. In this matter I was armed to the teeth. For the few vital hours on the Tuesday, when only Royalty, myself, and a few other V.I.P.s might enter or remain in the Show, I had been given a little yellow cardboard decoration. For more general occasions I had my non-transferable committeeman's card. But above all was a blue ticket which the Society had sent me. It bore the legend, "Issued only for Casual Labour, and extra assistants who are needed for preparing the exhibits." I only used it once, on the Sunday, and as befitting my casual labour status I chose the Embankment entrance. The police officer on duty ran an eye over it, and over me, and enquired, "Where are your dungarees—it's clean dungarees on Sundays, you know," and passed me in. After that, so great was the self-assurance my blue ticket gave me that I never again bothered to produce it or any other passport. I just walked through the iron curtain with an air of abstracted assurance that defied challenge.

But what of Chelsea, 1950? It was just the vast orgy of colour and beauty that it always is. The huge exhibits of the great seed firms were more subdued in design, though not in colour, than of old. There were none of the tent-high mountains of moss topped with palms, dripping with gloxinias, and looking like something out of the Book of Revelation. And I liked them better for it. These seed firms

CHELSEA, 1950.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT.

seemed to have concentrated on proving that flowers and vegetables really can be grown to be every bit as magnificent as the descriptions and the illustrations in their catalogues suggest. The exhibit of rhododendrons and azaleas from Windsor Great Park was a model of what an exhibit should be. Huge specimen bushes, each laden with blossom, and each standing out with ample elbow-room as an individual, showing its habit, form and grace. In the woodland floor of moss beneath the bushes grew primulas, grouped

some years ago. The others are of more recent introduction—"Pam," pale pink; "Maid Marion," red; "Sweet Fairy," carmine pink; "Little Princess," white; "Peon," scarlet; "Oakington Ruby," ruby red; and "Baby," crimson. They range in height normally from 6 to 8 or 9 ins. In a rock garden given over to true Alpine plants they would look a little out of place. The miniature formal rose garden at Chelsea suggests that they might well be grown in a sink or trough garden.

Among the "new" plants to receive awards, the Bechtel Crab (*Malus ioensis plena*) appealed to me more than any other, with its large, shell-pink double blossoms, 2 ins. across, and smelling richly of pure violet. I saw it first in America, and grew it for years in Hertfordshire. In spite of being somewhat temperamental in this country, it well deserved the First Class Certificate that it received. A remedy for its reluctant habit of growth might be found by experimenting in grafting on a wide variety of stocks.

Chelsea is a rare place for meeting old friends, both human and plant. I have met *Clematis florida bicolor* there regularly, year after year, for ages, but never mustered the financial courage to order one. This year I plunged. It's easiest if you don't ask the price. *C. florida bicolor* is unlike any other *Clematis*. It might be described as a single with an anemone centre. The "single" petals are of a curious creamy or ivory white, with a subtle

suspicion of green, and the anemone-like centre is composed of many narrow petals—if they are petals—somewhere in the region of violet and amethyst.

There was a Lilac with pale, creamy-yellow flowers which may or may not prove attractive in the open air. In the difficult, distorting light of the tent it was impossible to judge. *Rosa spinosissima*, var. "Frühlingsgold," well deserved its Award of Merit. At the same time, it deserves a name more in accord with its great beauty. With huge, pale-yellow single blossoms, very like those of "Mermaid," its stems are clothed rather than armed with innocuous bristles in place of "Mermaid's" bloodthirsty thorns. I presume that it is a bush rose and not a climber.

Before leaving Chelsea Show I went to look at the old Pensioners' gardens. I have visited them every year since "Chelsea" first began. This year I was disappointed. My way was barred by a gate and a padlock, against which even my blue Casual Labour passport was of no avail. Those little plots, with their homely herbs and flowers, London Pride, Auriculas, Lad's Love, Sweet Williams, and their vegetables, too, lettuces, turnips, thin red lines of radishes, French beans, etc., and the old soldiers' keenness and pride in them,

were to me one of the pleasantest things in all the Show, though few of the Show public ever discovered or went to see them. Somewhere in the '20's I presented a Challenge Cup for competition among the old-soldier gardeners, and the R.H.S. gave cash prizes each year. I hope they still do. One other thing I missed this year. The public streaming out of the Show at closing time on the last day, thousands of them, carrying plants and flowers bought from the dismantled exhibits. A truly astonishing sight which always reminded me of an army of leaf-cutter ants which I once met in Panama. There were thousands of them too, and each carried a piece of leaf rather bigger than himself. I left this year as the Fellows poured in, a dense, solid, road-wide stream of them, arriving for the "private view."



"A SMALL TABLE EXHIBIT . . . PLEASED ME A LOT. IT . . . WAS LAID OUT AS A FORMAL ROSE GARDEN. WITH GRASS PATHS, FOUR RAISED BEDS AND OTHERS ON THE LEVEL, IT WAS PLANTED WITH ROSES, BOTH BUSH AND STANDARD, ALL IN FULL FLOWER, AND ALL PERFECTLY TO SCALE WITH THE TINY GARDEN. THE BUSH ROSES WERE 3 TO 4 INS. HIGH AND THE STANDARDS 9 INS. TALL."

Photograph by W. Abbing.



"FRÜHLINGSGOLD," A VARIETY OF *ROSA SPINOSISSIMA*, WHICH "WELL DESERVED ITS AWARD OF MERIT." "WITH HUGE, PALE-YELLOW SINGLE BLOSSOMS, VERY LIKE THOSE OF 'MERMAID,' ITS STEMS ARE CLOTHED RATHER THAN ARMED WITH INNOCUOUS BRISTLES IN PLACE OF 'MERMAID'S' BLOODTHIRSTY THORNS."

Photograph by J. E. Downward.

thinly with perfect restraint. If only more exhibitors would realise that empty space between individual plants is as important as the plants themselves, flower shows would be even lovelier than they usually are.

A small table exhibit in one of the big tents pleased me a lot. It was perhaps 6 or 8 ft. by 9 or 10 ft., and was laid out as a formal rose garden. With grass paths, four raised beds, and others on the level, it was planted with roses, both bush and standard, all in full flower, and all perfectly to scale with the tiny garden. The bush roses were 3 to 4 ins. high, and the standards 9 ins. tall. And the roses, pink, crimson, scarlet, white, cream and blush, varied in size from little-finger-nail to thumb-nail. The first of these miniature roses to appear was "Rouletti," a 6-inch pink variety which came from Switzerland

ONE OF THE FINEST BOWLING FEATS OF ALL TIME: LAKER'S 8 WICKETS FOR 2.



THE SECOND OF LAKER'S EIGHT WICKETS FOR TWO RUNS: P. B. H. MAY, OF CAMBRIDGE, CAUGHT BY HUTTON AT FINE SHORT LEG IN LAKER'S FIRST OVER, FOR 0.



SPOONER, OF WARWICKSHIRE, THE SIXTH OF LAKER'S VICTIMS IN THE REST'S DÉBÂCLE IN THE FIRST INNINGS OF THE TEST MATCH TRIAL—BOWLED LAKER, 0.



THE SEVENTH OF LAKER'S TEST TRIAL VICTIMS: BERRY, THE YOUNG LANCASHIRE BOWLER; BOWLED LAKER, 0.



PERHAPS THE FINEST BOWLING PERFORMANCE IN FIRST-CLASS CRICKET: JIM LAKER, WHO TOOK EIGHT WICKETS FOR TWO RUNS IN THE TEST TRIAL.



THE THIRD OF LAKER'S TEST TRIAL VICTIMS: D. B. CARR, THE OXFORD BATSMAN; CAUGHT BAILEY, BOWLED LAKER, 0.



THE FIFTH OF LAKER'S TEST TRIAL VICTIMS: E. A. BEDSER, THE SURREY ALL-ROUNDER; L.B.W., BOWLED LAKER, 3.



THE LAST OF LAKER'S EIGHT TEST TRIAL VICTIMS: L. JACKSON, THE DERBYSHIRE BOWLER; CAUGHT AND BOWLED LAKER, 5.



THE REST'S TOP SCORER AND LAKER'S FOURTH VICTIM: KENYON, THE WORCESTERSHIRE BATSMAN, BRILLIANTLY CAUGHT AT THE WICKET BY EVANS OFF LAKER FOR 7 RUNS.



THE FIRST OF THE EIGHT TO FALL TO LAKER'S INSPIRED BOWLING: G. H. G. DOGGART, OF CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY, CAUGHT AT SHORT LEG BY BAILEY, BOWLED LAKER, 2.

The first few hours of the Test Trial Match—England v. The Rest—which opened at Bradford on May 31, were the occasion of what was one of the finest feats of bowling in all first-class cricket. Norman Yardley, England's captain, knowing the Bradford wicket of old, sent The Rest in to bat. Bailey and A. Bedser opened the bowling, and Bailey soon took Sheppard's wicket when 7 runs had been scored, Sheppard having scored 4 of them. When the score had reached 10, Laker (who was born near Bradford and learnt his cricket there) came on, and in his first over

took the wickets of Doggart and May. With the score still at 10, he took Carr's wicket; and 8 runs later Kenyon's. At 19, he had E. Bedser l.b.w.; and in his next over clean bowled Spooner and Berry. Then A. Bedser took Trueman's wicket; and Laker ended the innings before luncheon by splendidly catching Jackson off his own bowling. His final analysis for The Rest's first innings of 27 was 14 overs, 12 maidens, 2 runs, 8 wickets. In the Rest's second innings he took 2 for 44, and was chosen for the English team in the first Test Match against the West Indies.



RESULT AFTER BEING DAMAGED BY DELAYED-ACTION BOMBS IN DECEMBER, 1940: THE WEST FRONT OF UPPER SCHOOL AS IT APPEARS TO-DAY.

SPEECHES in Upper School are one of the features of the annual celebrations held at Eton College on June 4, the birthday of King George III. One end of Upper School was shattered by a delayed-action bomb in December, 1940, and the restoration, which has been carried out under the supervision of the architects, Lord Mottistone and Mr. Paul Paget, was just completed in time for

(Continued below.)

(RIGHT.) IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE BOMBING: THE WEST FRONT OF UPPER SCHOOL AS IT APPEARED BEFORE THE RECENT RECONSTRUCTION OPERATIONS.



BUILT BY SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN AND BADLY DAMAGED IN WORLD WAR II: THE EAST FRONT OF UPPER SCHOOL FROM SCHOOL YARD, SHOWING THE BROKEN WALLS WHICH WERE 2 FT. THICK.



RESTORED IN CONFORMITY WITH THE ORIGINAL: THE EAST FRONT OF THE DAMAGED END OF UPPER SCHOOL AS IT NOW APPEARS.



IN PROCESS OF RECONSTRUCTION: THE INTERIOR OF UPPER SCHOOL, FACING SOUTH. A NEW BOILER-HOUSE WAS BUILT IN THE CRATER BELOW WHAT IS NOW THE RESULT END OF UPPER SCHOOL.



FACING SOUTH: THE INTERIOR OF THE RECONSTRUCTED UPPER SCHOOL. THE WOODWORK ROUND THE WALLS AND THE DOORS ARE COVERED WITH THE CARVED NAMES OF ETONIANS.

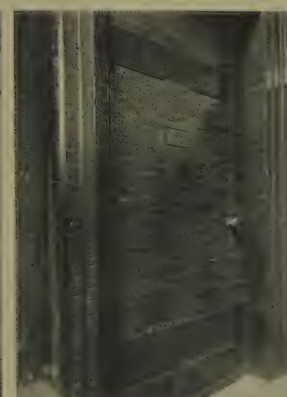
(Continued)
this year's celebrations, which were held on June 3, as the 4th fell on a Sunday. In our issue of February 7, 1948, we published a number of drawings by our special artist, Captain Bryan de Criseau, showing views of Eton College during the demolition operations preparatory to the reconstruction. One of the drawings showed a view of Lupton's Tower from the main road—a view seen for the first time for



A HEAP OF RUBBLE AND SPLINTERED WOOD: A VIEW OF THE INTERIOR OF UPPER SCHOOL AFTER THE BOMBING.



PIECED TOGETHER AFTER PAINSTAKING SORTING OF THE SALVAGE: THE DOOR OF THE HEADMASTER'S ROOM, WHICH WAS REDUCED TO A NUMBER OF PIECES



AS THEY APPEARED IN 1890: THE DOOR OF THE HEADMASTER'S ROOM AND PART OF THE ROSTRUM IN UPPER SCHOOL.



CLEVERLY FITTED TOGETHER LIKE PIECES IN A JIG-SAW PUZZLE: PART OF THE BOMBED UPPER SCHOOL ROSTRUM DURING THE RECONSTRUCTION OPERATIONS.



NOW RESTORED TO ITS FORMER PLACE AT THE END OF UPPER SCHOOL: THE DAMAGED ROSTRUM, WHICH TO-DAY LOOKS LITTLE THE WORSE FOR ITS ADVENTURES IN WORLD WAR II.



FACING NORTH: THE RESTORED INTERIOR OF UPPER SCHOOL. THE ROOM CONTAINS BUSTS OF FAMOUS MEN WHO WERE EDUCATED AT ETON, MANY OF WHOM CARVED THEIR NAMES ON THE WOODWORK.

hundreds of years because of the gap at the shattered end of Upper School. The view was, however, only a temporary one, for now a boiler-house has been built on the site of the 8-ft. crater, and the destroyed portion of Upper School rebuilt above it. The photographs on this page show Upper School before the bombing and during and after reconstruction.



THE NORTHERN END OF THE UPPER SCHOOL RANGE DURING REBUILDING. THE PHOTOGRAPH (CENTRE-LEFT ON THIS PAGE) SHOWS THIS SECTION WHEN IT WAS COMPLETELY BREACHED.

RESTORED IN TIME FOR THE FOURTH OF JUNE CELEBRATIONS: THE BOMBED UPPER

SCHOOL AT ETON COLLEGE, SEEN BEFORE, DURING, AND AFTER ITS RECONSTRUCTION.

A PRESIDENTIAL RIGHT-HAND MAN.

"I WAS THERE": By FLEET ADMIRAL WILLIAM D. LEAHY.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

HERE is one more massive contribution towards the history of Hitler's War. Few people here, perhaps, will emulate me in plodding through it all without skimming: for to a large extent it is a record of dry facts more useful as a magazine of information for the future historian than exciting for the current reader who wishes to be held by a story; but, after all, "Bradshaw," though deuced dull to the man with a car, with a taste for style and drama, is invaluable to the man who wants to look up a train.

I may quote as an example of the less heart-stirring passages in the book one paragraph: "Roosevelt's trip to the Pacific began on the night of July 13, 1944, when the Presidential Special left Washington for Hyde Park. [I must remind readers that Hyde Park is the name of Mr. Roosevelt's country estate, and that not even American ingenuity has yet devised a means of speeding a train from Washington to arrive, puffing triumphantly, at the foot of the Achilles Statue.] We arrived in time to breakfast with the President's family, inspect the Roosevelt Library and, after a pleasant day, board the train at 6.30 p.m., July 14, for California. Members of the President's party, in addition to myself, were: Major-General Watson, Vice-Admiral Ross McIntire, Rear-Admiral Wilson Brown, Captain Wood, U.S.N., Assistant Surgeon Bruin, U.S.N.R., Judge Rosenman, Elmer Davis, Mrs. F. D. Roosevelt, Miss Tully and Mrs. Brady (confidential secretaries) and the usual communication and Secret Service personnel. We reached Chicago shortly after noon, July 15, where during a service stop some high political leaders of the Democratic Party boarded the train and conferred with the President. The Democratic National Convention was in progress at Chicago."

The fierce battles which followed the Normandy landings were also "in progress" and it is likely that the future historian of our time will find those more engrossing than the times of the President's trains. Yet it must be remembered that we are confronted here with extracts from one man's diary. It must be remembered also that any entry in any diary may prove fascinating in the light of future events. The names of Miss Tully and Mrs. Brady, competent though these ladies doubtless were, do not, at the moment, evoke memories or provoke conjectures; yet should one of them become "First Lady of the Land" or, perhaps, even President of the U.S.A., that journey in the train with Judge Rosenman and Assistant-Surgeon Bruin (how seemly that a Roosevelt should be accompanied by a Bruin, whose first name, I hope, is Teddy!) may prove to have been momentous. "I Was There" the title announces. That title has a vain-glorious ring about it which ill accords with his face or the self-forgetful tone of his book: perhaps somebody suggested it to him as a lively title. But it is a veracious title: for he does concern himself mainly with what he saw, heard and did, and not with events, however important, which were happening beyond his sight.

The genesis of the book and the career of Admiral Leahy are summarised by President Truman in a preface which could hardly have been excelled for laconicism by his predecessor President Coolidge. It runs: "These war notes by Fleet Admiral William D. Leahy were brought together in pursuance of a request by me that the notes he jotted down from day to day during the war years 1941 to 1945 be made available to the public in convenient form. The long and brilliant career of Admiral Leahy—as Chief of Naval Operations, as Governor of Puerto Rico, as Ambassador to France, as a member of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, as a member of the Combined Chiefs of Staff, and as Chief of Staff to the Commander-in-Chief [i.e., the President]—is a sufficient testimonial to the high value of his memoirs. I have drawn extensively upon his notes for guidance. They provide an authoritative source for all those interested in the strategy by which victory was achieved over the Axis Powers in World War II."

"Brilliant" is a word that President Truman uses: for myself, looking at both the photograph reproduced as a frontispiece to the book and at the Admiral's text, I can no more think of calling him "brilliant" than I can think of applying the adjective to President Truman himself. But brilliance isn't

everything, and Admiral Leahy has qualities more useful if not so entertaining. His face (with the naval cap—which lends a certain dash and charm to the countenance of almost every man who wears it—blotted out) might be that of a Judge of the Supreme Court or a Senior Partner in the firm of Pierpont Morgan: it is sound, rugged, resolute, honest, and incapable of compromising about matters of faith and morals; but it is also obstinate and unaware of worlds beyond itself. The noble side of his integrity may be illustrated by his attitude towards the use of the Atom Bomb: "Both sides were prepared throughout the war that had just ended to unloose deadly gases, but not even the fanatical followers of Hitler and Hirohito, who committed so many other unspeakable atrocities, dared use poison gas, for fear



FLEET ADMIRAL WILLIAM D. LEAHY, WARTIME CHIEF OF STAFF TO PRESIDENTS ROOSEVELT AND TRUMAN; AND AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

This photograph, which is by Maurice Constant and is reproduced from the frontispiece of "I Was There," by courtesy of the Publisher, shows Admiral Leahy in the uniform of Fleet Admiral of the U.S. Navy, the rank to which he was appointed in December 1944. Born in Iowa in 1875, he was educated at the U.S. Naval Academy and commissioned in the U.S. Navy in 1899. After retiring in 1939 he was Governor of Puerto Rico until 1940, when he was appointed Ambassador to Vichy France. After 1942 he served as Chief of Staff to the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy (that is to say, the President) of the United States.



THE END OF ADMIRAL LEAHY'S SERVICE AS AMBASSADOR TO VICHY FRANCE: HIS LAST INTERVIEW WITH MARSHAL PÉTAIN (LEFT). A PHOTOGRAPH REPRODUCED FROM "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF MAY 16, 1942.

"This same Monday," Admiral Leahy writes in his book, "I called on Marshal Pétain to say good-bye. He assured me that our personal friendship would endure regardless of what might happen in the future, and that it was his desire that our Governments remain friends."

of retaliation. To me the atomic bomb belongs in exactly the same category. . . . Once it had been tested, President Truman faced the decision as to whether to use it. He did not like the idea, but was persuaded that it would shorten the war against Japan and save American lives. It is my opinion that the use of this barbarous weapon at Hiroshima and Nagasaki was of no material assistance in our war against Japan. The Japanese [Lord Mountbatten said the same things years ago] were already defeated and ready to surrender because of the effective sea blockade and the successful bombing with conventional weapons. It was my reaction that the scientists and others wanted to make this test because of the vast sums that had been spent on the project. . . . My own feeling was that, in being the first to use it, we had adopted an ethical standard common to the barbarians of the Dark Ages. . . . These new concepts of 'total war' are basically distasteful. . . . These

new and terrible instruments of uncivilised warfare represent a modern type of barbarism not worthy of Christian man." He has now been forced to the sensible conclusion that, as things are, "the United States must have more and better atomic bombs than any potential enemy." "How right he is," I think. I remember that during the Kaiser's War, when Christian men, after a thousand people had been killed in air-raids on London, successfully argued against reprisals on Berlin, on the grounds that we should not sink to the level of the Germans, who were the first to use indiscriminate bombing, and the first nakedly to announce that treaties were "scraps of paper," that there were idealistic pacifist friends of mine who maintained that war with rules was comparatively tolerable, but that war without rules would shock humanity into pacificism: bookish people, little knowing the nature of gangster Governments, or the unimaginable revengefulness of the multitude, or the capacity of the kindest of us to slip into savagery unless our standards are sternly kept. Zola wrote a book in which he envisaged a tremendous explosive persuading people that war was no use to anybody. Things don't work that way: an atom bomb being invented, people begin to think (once released from the restraint of religious, or even sporting or gentlemanly, rules) of bigger, better and more numerous atom bombs. *Facilis descensus Averno.*

Independent Admiral Leahy also is in other regards. He, Ambassador to the Vichy Government, though realising the baseness of Laval and such, does not hesitate to stick up for the aged Pétain, who had been left in the cart by the pusillanimous Republican Government to save what he could of France. Nor does he hesitate to defend General Franco—who, after all, was in a difficult position, with all the world except Britain believing that Britain would be beaten. "When he arrived in Rome, Franco told Mussolini that the Spanish people would never permit the Germans to pass through Spain even if he, Franco, wished to authorise such a movement, and that he himself was opposed to the proposition. After the war, it was learned that Hitler had been much irritated in October, 1940, when Franco refused to join actively in the Führer's plans for a pincers movement against the British in the Mediterranean involving Gibraltar and an invasion through Spanish Morocco. Similar evidence appearing from time to time led me to believe that General Franco, while desiring to appear neutral in the war, really was on the side of the Allies." It may be that the General, apart from his knowledge of his countrymen's desire to conduct their feuds without foreign interference, remembered Lenin's motto: "First Russia, then Spain." Lenin, knowing nothing about Spain except its poverty, religion and remains of feudalism, did not realise that (and would that the sentiment were more widespread to-day), "Spaniards never, never, never will be slaves."

The Admiral's limitations are chiefly observable when he refers to things when he wasn't "there." He is almost vitriolic in his early references to General de Gaulle (influenced perhaps by the opinion of the best people at Vichy that de Gaulle was unconstitutionally barging in) though, when he meets de Gaulle, he finds him much more sympathetic than he had expected. He quotes an American Brigadier-General as saying that "failure of the British Army to destroy Rommel's African Corps in the early campaigns was due to inefficient British leadership," and even refers to General Wavell as "a defeatist": when it is notorious that Wavell did magnificently with the material at his command and was the most steadfast of men. The British throughout the book are treated as inefficient and foxy; and the War is regarded as having begun in 1941. Astonishment is revealed at the ignorance of Mr. Bevin about Poland; the allowance is not made that the Labour Party, for the first time in power, had to make use of what material it had; and the Admiral does not seem to realise how little he himself knows about the Old World.

Where he is at his best is in the description of *choses vues* in Vichy and at all the Conferences of Big Threes and Fours. His remarks about the utter impenetrability of the minds in the Kremlin (lavish though the vodka and music were) make me look forward all the more eagerly to the next volume of Mr. Churchill's Memoirs. Can it really be true that Mr. Churchill ever thought that the leopard would change its spots?

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 916 of this issue.

* "I Was There: The Personal Story of the Chief of Staff to Presidents Roosevelt and Truman, Based on his Notes and Diaries Made at the Time." By Fleet Admiral William D. Leahy. With a Foreword by President Truman. Portrait Frontispiece. (Victor Gollancz; 25s.)

QUEEN JULIANA'S STATE VISIT TO PARIS: EVENTS IN THE PROGRAMME OF FESTIVITIES.



AFTER THE STATE LUNCH IN THE GRAND TRIANON, VERSAILLES, ON MAY 24: PRINCE BERNHARD (UNIFORM), MME. AURIOL, QUEEN JULIANA AND PRESIDENT AURIOL. (L. TO R.)



IN THE FLOWER-DECKED BOX OF THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE ON MAY 24: PRESIDENT AURIOL, QUEEN JULIANA OF THE NETHERLANDS AND MME. AURIOL (L. TO R.).



AT THE QUAI D'ORSAY RECEPTION ON MAY 25: THE DUTCH FOREIGN MINISTER, MR. STIKKER, PRINCE BERNHARD, M. GEORGES BIDAULT, THE FRENCH PREMIER, QUEEN JULIANA AND M. SCHUMAN, THE FRENCH FOREIGN MINISTER (L. TO R.).



DESCENDING THE STAIRCASE FROM THE SPECIALLY ARRANGED RECEPTION ROOM AT ORLY AIRPORT: QUEEN JULIANA AND M. AURIOL, FOLLOWED BY MME. AURIOL AND PRINCE BERNHARD, AT THE CONCLUSION OF THE VISIT ON MAY 26.



ARRIVING AT THE PARIS OPERA HOUSE ON MAY 24 AFTER THE BANQUET AT THE NETHERLANDS EMBASSY: QUEEN JULIANA OF THE NETHERLANDS AND M. AURIOL. PRINCE BERNHARD IS SEEN BEHIND, ON THE RIGHT.

Continued.]

on May 24, and a State lunch in the Grand Trianon, Versailles, followed by a performance of "L'Epreuve" in the Théâtre de la Reine on the same day. Queen Juliana and Prince Bernhard gave a banquet at the Netherlands Embassy in honour of the President on May 24; and on May 25 were the guests of the City of Paris at the Hôtel de Ville, and afterwards lunched in the Hôtel de Lauzun, proceeding there by water. They also attended a reception at the Quai d'Orsay, and on May 26, they entertained the Dutch Colony in Paris before concluding their visit, which roused great enthusiasm.

COMMEMORATION SCENES AT DUNKIRK.



A SERVICE OF COMMEMORATION AT DUNKIRK: THE VERY REV. A. T. A. NAYLOR, DEAN OF BATTLE, ADDRESSING MEN OF THE "LITTLE SHIPS" AND ROYAL NAVAL PERSONNEL.



REVISITING THE SCENE OF THEIR EXPLOITS IN THE EVACUATION OF ALLIED TROOPS IN JUNE, 1940: SOME OF THE "LITTLE SHIPS" WHICH ASSEMBLED AT DUNKIRK ON JUNE 4.

Ceremonies took place at Dunkirk on Sunday, June 4, in brilliant sunshine, to commemorate the evacuation of Allied troops which took place ten years ago. French, British and Belgian ex-Servicemen paraded, with French and British sailors, and a detachment of French infantry. Over fifty of the "Little Ships"—motor-yachts, lifeboats, tugs, coasters and launches—which took part in the evacuation of June, 1940, came over, together with the destroyer *Bleasdale*; and the French Navy was represented by the cruiser *Georges Leygues*. The main ceremony was on the beaches of Malo-les-Bains, at which Vice-Admiral Nomy represented the Minister of National Defence. A message from the King was read out to the men of the "Little Ships" by the Very Rev. A. T. A. Naylor, Dean of Battle. In this his Majesty referred to the "adventure of chivalry" which "the Little Ships answered so willingly and so gallantly on that summer morning ten years ago."

A 25-FT. YACHT SAILS THE ATLANTIC.

The 25-ft. British yacht *Vertue XXXV*, sailed by her owner, Mr. Humphrey Barton, of the Royal Lymington Yacht Club, and Mr. Kevin O'Riordan, completed her voyage across the Atlantic on June 1, when she arrived in the New York Navy Yard at Brooklyn. Mr. Barton, who is fifty, and Mr. O'Riordan, who is sixty-three, said that they were exhausted after the voyage, and received permission to remain at the yard overnight. The yacht left Lymington, Hampshire, on April 7, but had to take refuge at Weymouth for three days owing to bad weather. The yachtsmen said they thought the *Vertue* was the smallest vessel ever to make a non-stop Transatlantic crossing. Their exploit has caused intense interest in New York. Our readers will remember that in our issue of April 1, 1950, we published a diagrammatic drawing of the yacht, *Vertue XXXV*, by our special artist, G. H. Davis.



AT THE END OF HER TRANSATLANTIC VOYAGE: THE BRITISH YACHT *VERTUE XXXV*, BEING PADDLED INTO THE NEW YORK NAVY YARD AT BROOKLYN.



THE MEN WHO CROSSED THE ATLANTIC IN A 25-FT. YACHT: MR. HUMPHREY BARTON (LEFT) AND MR. KEVIN O'RIORDAN. THEIR FIVE-TON VESSEL HAD CROSSED THE ATLANTIC UNDER HER OWN SAIL IN 47 DAYS.

TRANSPORT, ANCIENT AND MODERN; AND AN EXILED LONDON MONUMENT.



NEWLY OPENED AND BUILT AT THE COST OF 80,000,000 DOLLARS: AN AIR VIEW OF NEW YORK TO SHOW THE NEW TUNNEL LINKING BROOKLYN (FOREGROUND) WITH MANHATTAN.

(Above.) On May 25, a new tunnel under New York's East River, linking Brooklyn with the southern end of Manhattan Island, was opened by the Mayor of New York, Mr. O'Dwyer. It is a two-tube vehicular tunnel after the style of the Mersey Tunnel, and is 9117 ft. long, America's longest tunnel of its type and second only to Liverpool's Mersey Tunnel (13,833 ft.). It was begun in 1940, but work was interrupted by the war. It is expected that it will be used by 9,000,000 vehicles in the first year, each vehicle paying 35 cents. It cost 80,000,000 dollars to build, and will relieve traffic on the East River bridges.



THE CEREMONY AT THE MANHATTAN END OF NEW YORK'S NEW EAST RIVER TUNNEL, SECOND IN SIZE ONLY TO THE MERSEY TUNNEL. IT WAS OPENED BY MAYOR O'DWYER.

(RIGHT.)

HOW TEMPLE BAR WOULD LOOK IF IT WERE ERRECTED AT THE EMBANKMENT ENTRANCE TO THE TEMPLE: A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE SITE WITH A SUPER-IMPOSED SECTION.

The fate of Temple Bar, last surviving gate of the City, has long been discussed. We illustrated its original position, its present site, and a suggested place for it, in our issue of March 4, 1950, after the London Society had offered to inaugurate a public appeal for funds to defray the cost of its return from Theobald's Park, but the City Corporation have yet to make their decision. It was placed in its present site by the late Sir Hedworth Bruce Meux, who at his own cost removed it from a yard where it was lying.



THE TRY-OUT OF THE ONLY SCHEDULED HELICOPTER PASSENGER SERVICE: PASSENGERS GOING ABOARD AN AIRCRAFT ON THE LIVERPOOL-CARDIFF ROUTE.

The only scheduled helicopter passenger service in the world—between Speke (Liverpool airport) and Penglis Moors (Cardiff airport) operated by B.E.A.—was instituted on June 1, and the Minister of Civil Aviation and Lord and Lady Douglas flew in the first aircraft. Three Westland Sikorsky S.51 machines and four pilots will maintain a twice-daily and return service. Fine and bad weather routes have been worked out.



WITH THE DRIVER, MR. ST. J. C. NIXON, AND CO-DRIVER, MR. AYS COUGH (STANDING, R. AND L.): THE 1899 WOLSELEY WHICH WAS DRIVEN FROM JOHN O' GROATS TO LAND'S END. Mr. St. J. C. Nixon, driving an 1899 Wolseley 34-h.p. two-seater, arrived at Land's End on May 30, having successfully driven the ancient vehicle 869 miles. The car, which cost £270 when new, took part in a 1000-miles trial in 1900. Our photograph shows the driver and his co-driver and mechanic, with Mr. Robert McKinnon (at the tiller) of the Scottish Football Association, and another friend who had asked to have a ride in the car.

**THE ROYAL VISIT
TO
SHERBORNE SCHOOL
PRIOR TO THE
QUATERCENTENARY
CELEBRATIONS:
THEIR MAJESTIES,
WITH THE
HEADMASTER,
LEAVING THE
SCHOOL LIBRARY.**

ON other pages in this issue we publish photographs of Sherborne School, which is celebrating the 400th anniversary of the granting of its charter by King Edward VI., and here we show an incident during the visit of their Majesties to the school on June 1—the first by a reigning monarch since the reign of George III. The Royal party arrived by train and was met at the station by the Earl of Shaftesbury, Lord Lieutenant of Dorset, and Sir Hubert Medleycott, chairman of the school governors, and then drove in procession through the crowded streets of the town to the school, where a guard of honour was mounted by the school's Combined Cadet Force. On entering the school, Canon A. Ross Wallace, who is retiring next month after fifteen years as headmaster, was presented to their Majesties. Then followed lunch in the big schoolroom, with the headmaster and Mrs. Wallace and ninety boys selected from the various boarding-houses. The King and Queen then visited Sherborne Abbey, where they were shown special points of interest by the vicar, the Rev. S. B. Wingfield Digby, before returning to the school for a lengthy inspection, during which they were shown the chapel and library, where they signed the King's Book and watched a rehearsal of a chronicle play written specially for the quatercentenary celebrations. Next their Majesties visited in turn the art school, biology laboratory, carpenter's shop, swimming bath and gymnasium, where they saw the gym squad and fencing teams at practice. Following a visit to Westcott House, one of the school's boarding-houses, the King and Queen drove to the cricket fields, where they watched a match between a team of masters and the First XI, and took tea in a marquee before leaving. In honour of the event the school has been granted five days extra holiday.

(RIGHT). THEIR MAJESTIES' VISIT TO SHERBORNE SCHOOL PRIOR TO THE QUATERCENTENARY CELEBRATIONS: THE KING AND QUEEN, ESCORTED BY THE HEADMASTER, CANON A. ROSS WALLACE, WALKING DOWN THE STEPS OF THE LIBRARY DURING THEIR INSPECTION OF THE SCHOOL.



PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

A group taken at the Palace of Holyrood House on May 26, showing: (standing, l. to r.) the Mace-Bearer; Mr. R. R. Aitken; Mr. J. W. Paterson; Mr. W. B. R. Morren; Sir Andrew Murray; Lord Jowitt; Mr. Lewis Douglas; Mr. D. H. Johnston; Sir Edward Stevenson; Rev. H. J. Purves; First Officer A. Letty; Flight Lieut. J. A. G. Slessor; Captain the Lord Ogilvy; Lieut. N. E. F. Dalrymple Hamilton; Captain A. R. G. Stevenson and Mr. Murray. Front row (l. to r.): Mrs. D. Johnson; Miss Rodney Murray; Lady Jowitt; Mrs. Lewis Douglas; Admiral of the Fleet Viscount Cunningham of Hyndhope; the Viscountess Cunningham; the Countess of Wemyss and March; Lady Martha Bruce; Miss Mary Colquhoun and Miss Norina Stewart Clark.



INSTALLED AS CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF DURHAM: DR. G. M. TREVELYAN, O.M. (RIGHT), IN PROCESSION.

Dr. G. M. Trevelyan, O.M., Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, was installed as Chancellor of the University of Durham in the Great Hall of Durham Castle on May 24. He took luncheon in the Norman Gallery in company with the honorary graduates of the day, persons, following the custom, of his own choosing whom he had recommended for distinction.



IN CALCUTTA ON THEIR WAY TO SINGAPORE: MR. J. GRIFFITHS (LEFT) AND MR. J. STRACHEY.

Mr. John Strachey, Secretary of State for War, and Mr. Griffiths, Secretary of State for the Colonies, left London Airport for Singapore on May 22 for a three-week tour of Malaya. Our photograph shows the two Ministers at Dum Dum Airport, Calcutta.



A PAT FOR CANYON KID: MR. CHURCHILL WITH HIS TWO-YEAR-OLD COLT AFTER IT HAD WON THE SPEEDY STAKES.

Mr. Churchill's success as an owner of racehorses continues. On May 31 his two-year-old colt Canyon Kid (by Canyonero) won the Speedy Stakes at Windsor easily. It was the first time that Canyon Kid had run, but his jockey, T. Gosling, had no trouble with him, and he ran home at the expense of several fancied opponents. Canyon Kid is trained by W. Nightingall.



A RECENT ARRIVAL: DR. GEYER, THE NEW HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR SOUTH AFRICA IN LONDON, WITH HIS WIFE.

Dr. Geyer, the new High Commissioner for South Africa in London, arrived at Southampton on May 26 with his wife. He is a man of wide culture who is respected by South Africans of all shades of political opinion. Mrs. Geyer is a leading social worker.



TALKING TO OFFICIALS OF THE GOVERNMENT OF INDIA AFTER HIS ARRIVAL IN NEW DELHI: SIR OWEN DIXON (CENTRE, LEFT).

Sir Owen Dixon, the United Nations mediator for Kashmir, arrived in Delhi on May 27 after a 20,000-mile journey from Australia by way of Lake Success and London. After spending five days in Delhi in discussions with Mr. Nehru and the Indian Ministers he went on to Karachi on June 1 for discussions with Pakistani Ministers. He expected to spend five days in Karachi before going to Srinagar.



MR. GUY SCHOFIELD.

Appointed Editor of the *Daily Mail* in succession to Mr. Frank Owen. He was born in 1902 and entered journalism in Leeds in 1918, working for a number of years in Manchester before going to London as chief sub-editor on the *Evening Standard* in 1931. He was editor of the *Evening News*, 1943-50.



MRS. AGATHA CHRISTIE.

With the publication of "A Murder is Announced" on June 5, Agatha Christie (Mrs. Mallowan) celebrated her jubilee, for this book is her fiftieth thriller. The short stories of this brilliant writer, now acknowledged as "the queen of crime fiction the world over," were first published in the *Sketch*.



LT.-CMDR. R. PEARSON, R.N.

Awarded the Stanhope Gold Medal of the Royal Humane Society for the most meritorious rescue attempt reported to the Society during the year. In darkness, Lieut.-Cmdr. Robert Pearson, R.N., dived from H.M.S. *Vengeance* into shark-infested waters off Sierra Leone in an attempt to rescue a man overboard.



CONDUCTING THE LONDON PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA: MR. SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY.

Mr. Serge Koussevitzky, one of the world's leading conductors, who has not been heard in London for fifteen years, appeared on June 1 at the Albert Hall at the head of the London Philharmonic Orchestra in the first of a short series of concerts.



THE BEST FILM ACTRESS AND ACTOR OF THE YEAR: MISS JEAN SIMMONS AND MR. RICHARD TODD WITH THEIR TROPHIES.

The silver stars of the 1950 National Film Award were presented in London on May 24 to Mr. Richard Todd for the outstanding performance of the year by an actor; and to Miss Jean Simmons, for the outstanding performance by an actress.



FINALISTS IN THE BRITISH AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: F. R. STRANAHAN (LEFT), WHO DEFEATED R. D. CHAPMAN.

F. R. Stranahan, of the United States, won the Amateur Championship at St. Andrews on May 27. He defeated his compatriot, R. D. Chapman, by 8 up and 6 to play in the 36-holes final. It was Stranahan's second victory in three years and a magnificent achievement. He won at Royal St. Georges in 1948.



PRINCESS MARGARET AT RAMSGATE: HER ROYAL HIGHNESS CUTTING THE TAPE AND OPENING THE PRINCIPAL DRIVE OF A NEW HOUSING ESTATE—WHICH SHE NAMED "PRINCESS MARGARET AVENUE."

(Above.) On June 1 Princess Margaret visited Ramsgate and toured its post-war housing estate. She opened its principal drive, which she named "Princess Margaret Avenue," and in company with the Mayor, Alderman P. Turner, went over one of the houses, the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. Child. She planted a tree commemorating her visit, and cut the first turf for the site of the 1000th house. After luncheon she visited the town's new War Memorial—the out-patients department of Ramsgate Hospital—and there unveiled a Book of Remembrance containing the names of all Ramsgate people killed in the 1939-45 World War.

(Right.) On May 23, the eve of his eightieth birthday, General Smuts was cheered by thousands as he drove slowly through the decorated streets of Johannesburg to the City Hall. In the main Council Chamber he was presented with the Freedom of the City. Afterwards he was conducted to a dais in the form of a huge birthday cake, with eighty candles, outside the City Hall, and cheered by some 30,000 spectators. He spoke on the international situation at a banquet; and during the evening a recording of a special tribute by Mr. Churchill, which was to have been part of a broadcast programme cancelled by the South African Corporation, was reproduced, and was loudly cheered by those present. Although taken ill with pneumonia after this ceremony, General Smuts, at the date of writing, was making good progress.



PART OF THE VAST CROWD, ESTIMATED AT MORE THAN 30,000, WHICH GATHERED BEFORE JOHANNESBURG CITY HALL TO CHEER GENERAL SMUTS AFTER HE HAD RECEIVED THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY ON THE EVE OF HIS EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY.



SOUTH AFRICA'S VETERAN STATESMAN, GENERAL SMUTS, INSPECTING A GUARD OF HONOUR DRAWN FROM THE 1ST BATTALION, THE TRANSVAAL SCOTTISH, AND EX-SERVICEMEN.



GENERAL SMUTS (RIGHT) RECEIVING THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY OF JOHANNESBURG FROM THE MAYOR ON THE EVE OF HIS EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY, IN THE CITY'S COUNCIL CHAMBER.

GREAT OCCASIONS AT HOME AND IN SOUTH AFRICA: PRINCESS MARGARET AT RAMSGATE; AND GENERAL SMUTS HONOURED.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



MUSCLE AND MOVEMENT.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

IN the high jump, styles have changed. What may be called the most primitive—though the more attractive to watch—consists of running straight at the bar, throwing the body into the air and bringing the feet up under the body. An improvement on this was reached by approaching the bar from the side and clearing it with a scissors action of the legs, the body being more or less erect. The modern style, and the most successful, though the more difficult to describe in words, consists of a series of actions in which the body is made to slide over the bar, almost but not quite touching it. The difference in result achieved by these three methods is largely a question of centre of gravity. In the straightforward jump, the centre of gravity of the body is raised a foot or more over the bar. In the side-scissors-jump, it is lifted a few inches over the bar. In the slide-over jump the centre of gravity of the body passes under the bar. This last statement will seem strange to all but the mathematically-minded, but equally strange things were expounded by Professor A. V. Hill in his address to the Royal Institution in November of last year.

Professor Hill referred to the familiar saying, that if a kangaroo could jump as well as a grasshopper he would be able to leap over St. Paul's Cathedral. He then proceeded to show that this was impossible. To be able to accomplish such a jump a kangaroo would need to have muscles 100 times as strong as they are, and a skeleton capable of withstanding the violent accelerations these muscles would produce. In other words, a kangaroo with muscles enabling it to jump over St. Paul's Cathedral, would tear its skeleton to pieces in the process. And while it is not possible here to deal with the mathematics upon which Professor Hill based his arguments, the conclusions he came to are worthy of repetition.

It must be a common observation that small animals tend to be more rapid in their movements

sprint for 100 yards, but beyond this he cannot maintain the output of power and must reduce speed accordingly.

A similar comparison may be seen in the frequency of the heart-beat. No matter what the size of the animal, the size of the heart does not vary significantly, being about $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. of the total body-weight. On the other hand, the frequency of the heart-beat does vary. In a mouse it is 700 times a minute and in an elephant, more than 100 times its size, it is twenty-five beats per minute.

common dolphin, about 8 ft. long and weighing 300 lb., and the blue whale, nearly 100 ft. long and weighing 150 tons. "Both these animals are stated to be able to keep up a speed of 15 knots for long periods, with sufficient reserve to go off at 20 knots for a limited time."

On these, and other counts, we arrive at the general conclusion that animals of similar design show little difference (at the most some 20 per cent.) in their athletic abilities whatever their size, and that the governing factor is found in the mechanical properties of the muscle fibre. There are, of course, slight differences—up to the 20 per cent.

already admitted—but these could be accounted for by small differences in design, together with, no doubt, factors derived from a metabolic or chemical source, as in the variation in activity of such glands as the thyroid, adrenals and pituitary.

It must seem, at this point, that while, shape for shape, the athletic performances (*i.e.*, speeds) of whales, of land animals, even of birds flying, can be accepted as remarkably constant, jumping provides an exception. It would seem, for example, that by no wizardry of mathematics can the jump of a jerboa be equated with that of a kangaroo. But that brings us back to the question of the centre of gravity.

The kangaroo-like method of progression has been developed many times in different animals. The structural changes required are a concentration of the mass over the hind-limbs, elongation of these limbs and elongation of the tail to act as a balancer. From an evolutionary point of view, all jumping animals, even though they have started from different points, have achieved the same net design. What, then, do we find in a comparison of their performances? In a running long jump a man can clear 26 ft., a horse 25 ft., a large kangaroo 26 ft., a jumping hare (*Pedetes capensis*) 20 ft., and a prairie hare 21 ft. Unfortunately, striking comparisons cannot be made with the smaller jumping mammals,



THE SKELETON OF *MACRORUS* (A KANGAROO), SHOWN HERE AT ONE-TENTH OF THE ACTUAL SIZE: JUMPING MAMMALS ARE CHARACTERISED BY A REDUCTION IN THE SIZE OF THE FORE-LEGS, LENGTHENING OF THE HIND-LIMBS, PARTICULARLY OF THE SHANK AND THE FOOT, AND A LENGTHENING OF THE TAIL.

Jumping animals of similar design develop a similar performance, and this is reflected in the structure of the skeleton. *Beltongia* (the rat kangaroo) and *Macropus* (kangaroo) are marsupials; *Dipus* (a jerboa) is a rodent; the two types of animals being widely separated in the classificatory scheme of the mammals, and the two groups being separated widely in the time of their origin. Yet, in an evolutionary sense, starting from different points, they have arrived at the same design.

This is no more than can be forecast mathematically. A rough comparison can be made, for example, with the action of a mechanical pump. A pump weighing half a ton cannot perform the same number of cycles as a similar one weighing half a pound. Coming back to the heart and its action, an animal ten times the size of another would weigh a thousand times as much. Coupled with this is the fact that if an animal of ten times the size had a thousand times the flow of blood, the

linear velocity of the blood would have to be ten times as great and the work required to be done by the muscle of the heart would be fantastically great.

From such considerations as these Professor Hill arrives at certain conclusions mathematically which are in accord with observed performances. Thus, for speeds in land animals he finds that the maximum speeds of a greyhound, whippet, and horse, animals of similar design, are very similar, increasing only slightly with the size of the beast. "The wild donkey is similar to the horse. Wolves, foxes and hares are similar (as runners) to the dogs. The gazelles and antelopes are the most efficient and (apart from the cheetah) the fastest of all terrestrial animals, but members of the family vary greatly [in size]." More familiar examples spring to mind. The speed of a cat is little superior to that of a mouse. The greyhound must go all out to catch a hare.

Perhaps more striking is the comparison between the various Cetacea. In these we have all-sizes between the



THE SKELETON OF *DIPUS* (THE THREE-TOED JERBOA), ABOUT ONE-THIRD NATURAL SIZE: ALTHOUGH A RODENT, THE MAIN FEATURES OF ITS SKELETON BEAR A STRIKING SIMILARITY WITH THOSE OF THE JUMPING MARSUPIALS.

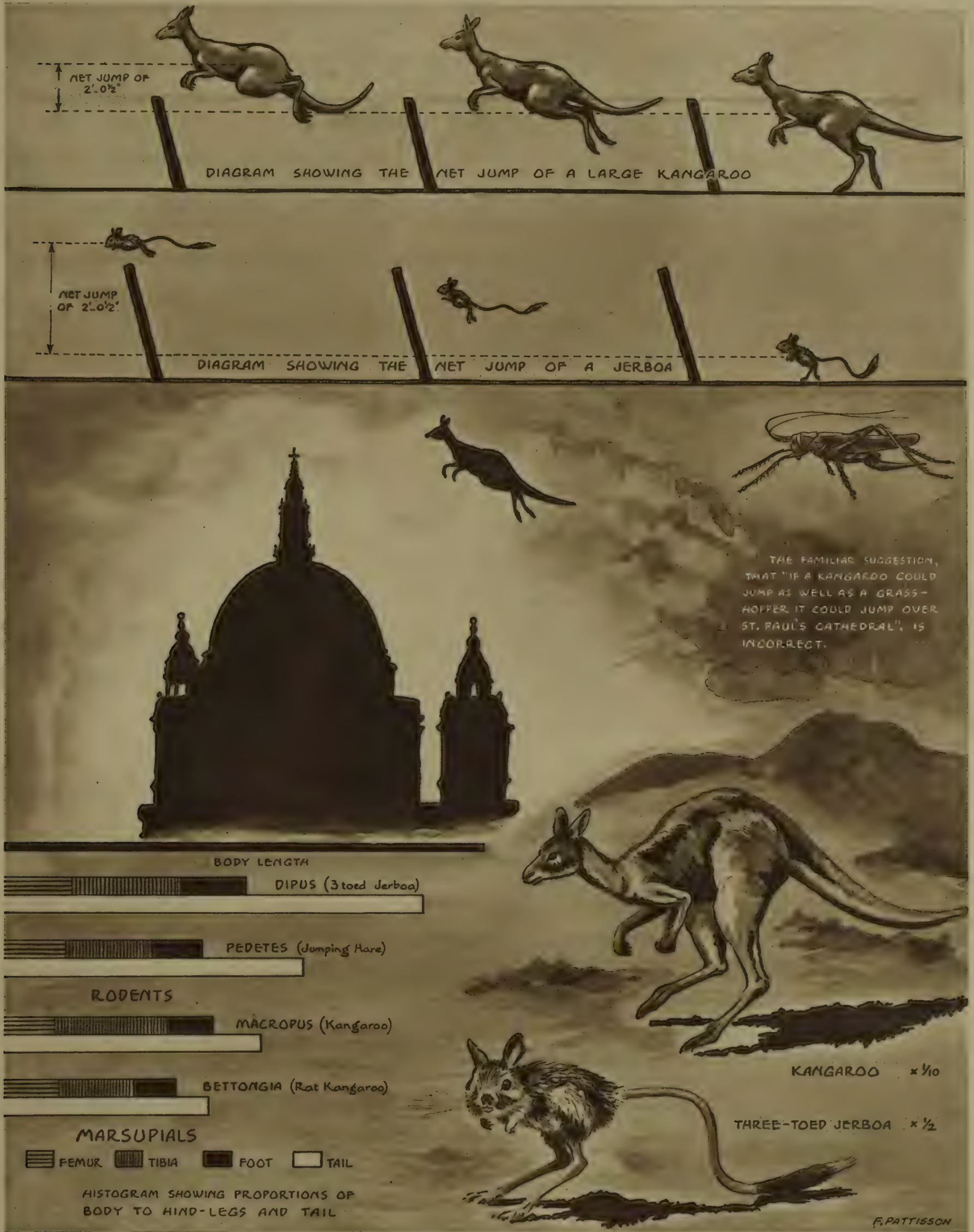
than large animals. This is not just accidental. The inherent strength of a contracting voluntary muscle fibre is roughly constant. The speed of contraction varies enormously, however, between different muscles and in different animals, but generally the smaller muscles and the muscles of smaller animals move the more quickly. A humming-bird weighing one-tenth of an ounce will move its wings some seventy-five times per second in forward flight, a sparrow weighing an ounce will move its wings some fifteen times a second, a stork weighing 5 to 6 lb. moves its wings two to three times a second. The frequency of the wing movements are thus in inverse proportion to the sizes of the birds. The greater the load being carried the greater the number of muscle fibres that must be called into play, and beyond a certain load the muscle-machine must drop into a lower gear. Conversely, beyond this load, the cost of maintaining speed is disproportionately heavy, and the longer the speed is maintained the more marked this becomes. A man can



THE SKELETON OF *BELTONGIA* (A RAT KANGAROO), ONE-FIFTH THE NATURAL SIZE: APART FROM SMALL DETAILS THERE IS NOT MUCH TO DISTINGUISH THIS SKELETON FROM THAT OF A LARGE KANGAROO.

since they use the standing jump, but in this we have as follows: man, 12 ft., kangaroo rat (5 ins. long), 12 ft.; jerboa (4 to 4½ ins. long), up to 8 ft., and jumping mouse (4 ins. long), 12 ft.

In the high jump the record for a man is 6 ft. 10 ins., a horse 6 ft. 6 ins.; and observed jumps for other animals are: large kangaroo, 9 ft.; hare wallaby (the size of a hare), 6 ft.; wapiti, 8 ft.; pronghorn antelope, 5 ft.; hare, 4 ft.; jerboa, 4 ft. To all appearances there are serious differences here as compared with the other performances dealt with, but it can be shown that the actual performances differ little, where the differences in design are slight, even though there may be a 600-fold difference in the size of the animal. A large kangaroo, weighing 140 lb., may be able to clear a 9-ft. fence, but in doing so it raises its centre of gravity above its height at the moment of take-off by about 4½ ft. The net high jump of a jerboa, weighing under ½ lb., is only slightly less.



WHY A FLEA, THE SIZE OF A KANGAROO, COULD NOT HOP OVER ST. PAUL'S : A POPULAR BELIEF DISPROVED.

It is natural to conclude that increase in size should bring with it an increase in athletic performance. So we have the familiar assertion that if a kangaroo (or a man) could jump as well as a grasshopper (or a flea) he would be able to jump over St. Paul's Cathedral. That this notion is false was demonstrated by Professor A. V. Hill, F.R.S., in his address to the Royal Institution in November of last year. His mathematical consideration of the problem led to conclusions which coincided with practical results; and the results of his analysis demonstrated the limitations placed upon athletic performances by the inherent mechanics of muscle action. Translated into everyday terms, a small whale can swim as fast as a large one, if the design

of the body is similar; a small mammal can jump as well as a large mammal, again provided the design is similar; and so on. Professor Hill's work was taken a step further in an exhibit of jumping animals set up by the British Museum (Natural History) at the Royal Society recently. This was designed to bring out the somewhat surprising point that a jerboa, 5 ins. high, could make a net jump equal in height to that of a 5-ft. kangaroo. Whereas the gross jump of a kangaroo is greater than that of a jerboa, the difference is no more than should be expected from the difference in height at the centres of gravity of the two animals at the moment of taking off. A more detailed explanation is given by Dr. M. Burton on the facing page.



The World of the Cinema.

NOTHING BUT STARS.

By ALAN DENT.

IN a reasonable and well-ordered cinema-world, two such brilliant players as Mr. Alastair Sim and Dame Sybil Thorndike would be enough to "make" a film. In Mr. Hitchcock's latest thriller, "Stage Fright," we get only occasional glimpses of these two. They have subordinate parts. They play a man and his wife long parted because she is too hen-witted a woman for a man so shrewd to live with. He is a gaunt commodore who lives alone in a gaunt house which stands isolated in a place that looks like the Essex marshes. She has a wild, distracted, alcoholic air; bemused in her conversation, she is very much wondering all the while she chatters where, exactly, the next bottle can possibly come from; and she lives in a genteelly shabby flat that has very much the air of being in a by-street in Pimlico. We see far too little of either of them, and see them only once—or possibly twice—together.

For the film is far more "about" Marlene Dietrich and Richard Todd, and Jane Wyman and Michael Wilding. Miss Dietrich is a kind of Blue Angel, a cabaret-singer whose husband has just been slaughtered at the film's beginning. Did she do this deed herself? Or was it done by Mr. Todd, who is a bit of a singer too, and a bit of a playboy as well, and who has Miss Wyman as the good girl in his life and Miss Dietrich as his *femme fatale*? Miss Wyman is a student at the R.A.D.A. whose first part is the real-life task of impersonating Miss Dietrich's temporary dresser. In this capacity she bumps into a casual, debonair detective, played with a debonair casualness by Mr. Wilding. So there you are! An intricate account of what exactly happens could not be other than tiresome, since even Mr. Hitchcock himself, with all the resources of the screen to help him—not to mention this galaxy of talent, fame and popularity—cannot make it other than tiresome.

This is a thriller which does not thrill. It is altogether too tortuously told. We begin, for example, with a flash-back—an account of the murder given by Mr. Todd to Miss Wyman as they rush off somewhere—anywhere—in a car. He narrates how Miss Dietrich had arrived at his flat in a blood-stained dress, and had begged him to go back to the scene of the murder and bring

was the case would surely have been instantaneously obvious to Mr. Sim's shrewd commodore, at whose house the fugitive pair eventually arrive, and before whose eyes the stained dress is paraded and then thrown on the fire.



"A THRILLER WHICH DOES NOT THRILL": "STAGE FRIGHT," SHOWING DETECTIVE INSPECTOR SMITH (MICHAEL WILDING—HOLDING BALLOONS) TALKING TO COMMODORE GILL (ALASTAIR SIM) AND HIS DAUGHTER EVE (JANE WYMAN) AT THE THEATRICAL GARDEN PARTY.

This week Mr. Dent is discussing two films, the first is Mr. Hitchcock's latest thriller, "Stage Fright" (Warner Bros.), in which such brilliant players as Mr. Alastair Sim and Dame Sybil Thorndike appear, but unfortunately in subordinate parts, "for the film is far more 'about' Marlene Dietrich and Richard Todd, and Jane Wyman and Michael Wilding." Mr. Dent says that the film is intermittently amusing but never captivatingly thrilling. The other new film, "Key to the City" (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer), has two major stars, Mr. Clark Gable and Miss Loretta Young. Mr. Dent says: "Miss Young's ageless grace is not a thing to dwell upon: one merely takes it for granted."

for example, want to forget Miss Dietrich burlesquing herself in that preposterously languid song in which she croons to us that she is "the laziest girl in town." Or that true Hitchcock touch when Mr. Todd revisits the scene of the murder, with the corpse still lying in the corner, and the complete and sinister silence is broken only by a barrel-organ in the street playing the sweet old waltz called "Sobre las Olas." Or the gleaming promptness with which Commodore Sim, when asked: "What sort of father do you think you are?" snaps out: "Unique!" Or the apparition of Miss Joyce Grenfell soliciting one and all to come and shoot toy ducks at a Theatrical Garden Party in the rain—undulating with persuasiveness, and un-dampably optimistic. Or Miss Kay Walsh's grim and incisive study of a star-dresser who takes to blackmailing.



"UNDULATING WITH PERSUASIVENESS, AND UN-DAMPABLY OPTIMISTIC": JOYCE GRENFELL SOLICITING ONE AND ALL TO COME "AND SHOOT A LOVELY DUCK" AT A THEATRICAL GARDEN PARTY IN THE RAIN. AN INCIDENT IN THE FILM "STAGE FRIGHT."



"A HIGHLY ENGAGING IF FRIVOLOUS FILM, LARGELY BECAUSE IT NOWHERE ATTEMPTS TO BE ANYTHING ELSE": "KEY TO THE CITY," SHOWING CLARK GABLE AS STEVE FISK AND LORETTA YOUNG AS CLARISSA STANDISH, BOTH OF WHOM SEEM REMARKABLY UNCHANGED BY THE PASSING YEARS.

This episode and some other similar improbabilities and extravagances keep us all the time from being excited by the film's mysteries and mystifications. They fail to induce Coleridge's "willing suspension of disbelief" which is necessary for suspense. Instead, we are merely amused; and it is readily granted that the film is intermittently amusing. But it is never captivatingly thrilling in the well-remembered way of earlier Hitchcocks, like "The Lady Vanishes" and "Foreign Correspondent." Its progress, in a word, is arbitrary, and even the characteristic chase or man-hunt with which it concludes is comparatively unexciting.

This film, in short, does not cohere. If it stays on in the mind at all, it will do so only in the matter of incidentals. One will not,

But I think I shall most of all remember "Stage Fright" not for these incidentals, but for something which does not happen in it. For the rest of my film-going days I shall bear it in mind as the film in which Miss Dietrich and Mr. Sim both appeared without ever meeting each other. There would have been an encounter indeed! It is almost too much for the imagination. It seems certainly to have been too much for Mr. Hitchcock to bring about.

Another of the new films, "Key to the City," is hardly less star-clustered (one had almost written star-cluttered), since, besides its major luminaries who are Mr. Clark Gable and Miss Loretta Young, it has those three splendid and always reliable veterans, Mr. Frank Morgan, Mr. James Gleason and—oldest and most reliable of all—Mr. Lewis Stone. Miss Young's ageless grace is not a thing to dwell upon: one merely takes it for granted. But it really is very remarkable—one really must pause to admire—how Mr. Gable keeps his address and alertness and compelling ardour in spite of the years. In his present phase the calculated brusqueness of his moustache is to be matched only by the same quality in his eyebrows.

You could interchange the two—the left half of the moustache with the left eyebrow, and the right half with the right eyebrow—without any but the most rabid fan noticing the difference.

His is, more seriously, an excellent performance of a longshoreman turned Mayor, who meets Miss Young, also a Mayor and hailing from Maine, at a Mayoral Convention in San Francisco. Their encounter is wittily contrived, and their inter-reactions (inimical on her part at first, of course) are wittily sustained. This is, in fact, a highly engaging if frivolous film, largely because it nowhere attempts to be anything else. It is, in brief, in the delectable vein of "It Happened One Night," in which Mr. Gable memorably wooed Miss Colbert in precisely the same way—in far-off days when we felt very much younger, and he looked much the same. But it is none the worse for reminding us of so diverting an entertainment so long ago.

her a clean frock so that she might go to her cabaret and carry on with her Blue Angeling as though nothing had happened. Now if Miss Dietrich had carried her bleeding corpse of a husband for half a mile, her dress could hardly have been more blood-soaked. It has one huge stain down the front. It is as obvious as anything could be that the stain has been made by direct application. It is not the sprinkle that would come from accidental contact, even in a case of deep arterial bleeding. We are giving away no all-important secret if we reveal here that Mr. Todd was not being completely and utterly truthful. But that this, to put it very mildly,

AN IDEAL EXPRESSION OF FRIENDSHIP.

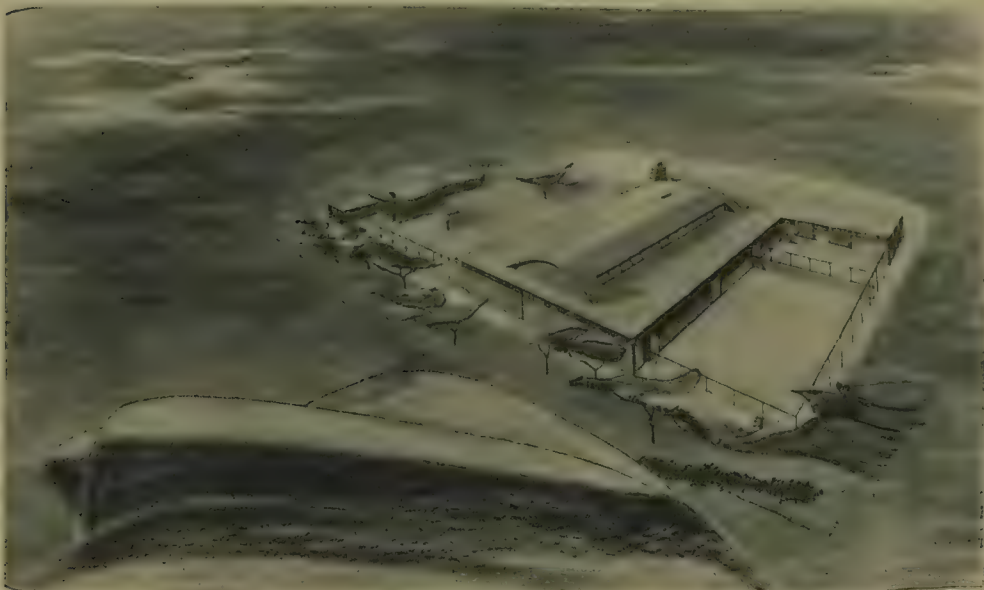
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AT HOME AND ABROAD: A RECORD OF CEREMONIES AND OTHER NEWS ITEMS.



THE PROPOSED ANIMAL AIR HOSPICE AT LONDON AIRPORT: AN ARCHITECT'S DRAWING, SHOWING THE BUILDING FROM THE AIR. THE QUARANTINE QUARTERS ARE IN THE FOREGROUND.

Specialised premises for the reception of all species of animals being transported by air is to be built by the R.S.P.C.A. at London Airport. The drawing reproduced above shows the way in which the architects, Sir John Brown, A. E. Henson and Partners, have succeeded in solving to the satisfaction of the R.S.P.C.A. and the airport authorities the problems involved. There will be a fully-equipped pharmacy and surgery in the administrative block, adjacent to the quarantine department. A night-and-day service will be maintained by the R.S.P.C.A.



WATCHED BY DUNKIRK VETERANS: THE MAYOR OF MARGATE FILLING A CASKET WITH SAND FROM THE MARGATE BEACH FOR THE MAYOR OF DUNKIRK.

The London pleasure steamer *Royal Daffodil* left Margate on May 31 for a trip to Dunkirk to mark the tenth anniversary of the evacuation of the B.E.F. Among the passengers were 150 Dunkirk veterans, the Mayor of Margate and a civic party. It was the first time that the *Royal Daffodil* had gone back to Dunkirk since it evacuated 8000 troops in 1940. The Dunkirk veterans were the guests of Margate at a four-day reunion festival.



HOISTING THE NEW FLAG OF THE FEDERATION OF MALAYA FOR THE FIRST TIME: SIR HENRY GURNEY AT ISTANA.

The new flag of the Federation of Malaya flew for the first time on May 26, when Sir Henry Gurney, the High Commissioner, hoisted it on Istana, Selangor, the residence of the Sultan. Mr. James Griffiths, Secretary of State for the Colonies, and Mr. John Strachey, Secretary of State for War, were present at the ceremony. On the following day the two Ministers made a 50-m.p.h. tour of Selangor, Negri Sembilan and Malacca States.



THE CANONISATION OF QUEEN JEANNE OF FRANCE: A BANNER BEARING HER LIKENESS BORNE IN PROCESSION IN ST. PETER'S, ROME, ON MAY 28.

Jeanne de Valois, daughter of Louis XI. of France and first wife of Louis XII., was canonised in St. Peter's, Rome, on May 28. The new saint died in 1405. As the Duchesse de Berry, she founded the order of the Annonciades, finally taking the vows herself. The canonisation ceremonies were attended by about 25,000 French pilgrims.



ACCEPTING THE BELL OF THE BATTLESHIP *MALAYA* ON BEHALF OF HIS COMMAND: COMMANDER H. E. H. NICHOLLS, SENIOR OFFICER, MALAYAN NAVAL FORCE.

On May 23, at Port Swettenham, the rulers of the Malay States received from the British Admiralty the bell of the battleship H.M.S. *Malaya*. It was handed over to the Malayan Naval Force "to honour and remember her good name." The Yang di-Pertuan Besar of Negri Sembilan received the bell from the Flag Officer, Malayan Area.



THE CANINE NOSE AS A MINE-DETECTOR: ARMY DOGS AT A DEMONSTRATION OF THEIR ABILITY TO LOCATE BURIED OBJECTS, HELD AT HAWLEY ON MAY 30.

One of the most interesting features of a series of demonstrations given by the Royal Engineers at Hawley on May 30 was a display of mine-detecting by a group of Army dogs of assorted breeds, many from the Battersea Dogs' Home. The dogs wear harness and walk over the minefield with their handlers. On locating a mine the dog sits down with its forepaws on each side of the buried object, which is then marked by the handler.



MILITANT GERMAN YOUTH AND THE LAW: THE SCENE ON THE FRONTIER AT LUBECK, WHERE RETURNING COMMUNISTS REFUSED TO UNDERGO A MEDICAL EXAMINATION.

Several thousand young German Communists returning to the Western Zones after attending the Berlin Rally of Free German Youth refused to undergo a medical examination and were held back by Western German police. Deadlock was avoided by a compromise—only those resident in Schleswig-Holstein were made to undergo the examination and, strangely enough, the great majority appeared to be domiciled elsewhere and were shortly on their way home. They had spent the previous night in the open air.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

"ENGLISH FURNITURE ILLUSTRATED."

Reviewed by FRANK DAVIS.

Cathedral (Fig. 3), made for Henry Compton, Bishop of London, in 1697. It is wholly of its time, and in my opinion, a piece of extraordinary grace and dignity, which is something one cannot always say about some of the more elaborate furniture and furnishings of this period. (Ostrich-feather plumes over the four corners of a bed canopy are perhaps the most *outré* of all imaginable furnishings.) The Bishop was a

"A great chair frame for ye Bishop's Throne 500 ros. ood." It is thought that this very fine chair, which is surely from a master's hand cannot be the one referred to in this account, and it is suggested that the present one was provided and paid for privately by the Bishop himself. I turn the pages at random and come upon another chair, workaday and dilapidated and very homely amid so much grandeur. Mahogany, upholstered in the original crimson leather, with fluted arm supports and legs, the leather nailed on with gilt-brass nails: Sir Joshua Reynolds' chair, upon which rank and fashion sat to have their portraits painted. David Garrick's bed (from the Victoria and Albert Museum), made for Garrick by Chippendale with the other bedroom furniture, from the designs of Robert Adam, and hung with the Indian-cotton hangings made in Madras which became entangled in the customs: the author reminds us of the phrase in a letter of Garrick's in 1775 in which he speaks of the "unfortunate chintzes." Then (Fig. 1) a painting by John Zoffany which changed hands at Christie's in 1929 for £7200 and belongs to Mr. Daniel Farr, of Philadelphia. I quote from the note: "The walls of the room are turquoise-blue with a white painted dado. The pictures include landscapes in the manner of Gainsborough and between them hangs a gilt mirror with branches for candles. Beside the fireplace is a tapestry fire-screen. The card-table, of Hepplewhite design, has a serpentine top and cabriole legs of zebra-wood mounted with ormolu." Several



FIG. 1. A GEORGIAN SITTING-ROOM OF ABOUT 1780: "THE DUTTON FAMILY," A DELIGHTFUL CONVERSATION PIECE BY JOHN ZOFFANY (1733-1810).

Mr. and Mrs. Dutton, their son James, afterwards Lord Sherborne, and their daughter Jane are depicted in the drawing-room at Sherborne Park, Glos. The card-table of Hepplewhite design, has a serpentine top and cabriole legs of zebra-wood mounted with ormolu. [The property of Mr. Daniel Farr of Philadelphia.]

fortunate man: he had been present when the first stone of Wren's masterpiece was laid in 1678, and he lived as Bishop of London to witness its completion in 1710. The chair was made for the opening of the choir on Thanksgiving Day for the Peace of Ryswick on December 2, 1697. The author refers to the Cathedral building accounts, bearing the signature of Sir Christopher Wren, which are preserved in the library at St. Paul's, in which every detail of the progress of the work is recorded, and among them is a list of the books, carpets, cushions and movable furniture provided by John Barnard on the completion of the choir. One item reads:



FIG. 3. MADE FOR HENRY COMPTON, BISHOP OF LONDON IN 1697: A WALNUT ARMCHAIR. This chair, belonging to the Bishop's throne of St. Paul's Cathedral, bears the arms of Henry Compton, Bishop of London. It is the work of an accomplished craftsman.

pieces of furniture were presented to H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth on her marriage in 1947 by the Girl Guides Association, and one of them (Fig. 2), a very fine mahogany chair, is among the illustrations. It is a Hepplewhite design, with all that ingenious maker's feeling for good proportion. The moulded arms and shield-shaped back are decorated with minutely-executed beaded ornament, the front of the seat is carved with a band of husks and the turned front legs carved with oval rosettes and leaf-work. Few of us penetrate to the Board Room of the Treasury in Whitehall. The State Throne-chair in which the Sovereign sat when presiding at meetings of the Board of Treasury



FIG. 2. ONE OF THE FINE PIECES PRESENTED TO PRINCESS ELIZABETH ON HER MARRIAGE BY THE GIRL GUIDES ASSOCIATION: A MAHOGANY CHAIR, c. 1780. The proportions and workmanship of this chair are exceptionally fine. (Reproduced by gracious permission of H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth, Duchess of Edinburgh.)

IT is twenty-three years since the late Oliver Brackett, Keeper of the Department of Woodwork at the Victoria and Albert Museum, published his "Encyclopædia of English Furniture." The book now appears with a new title, "English Furniture Illustrated,"* and revised and edited in the light of recent research by the man who was his assistant at the time and who succeeded him as Keeper for two years in 1937, Mr. H. Clifford Smith. As a picture-book—there are 240 full-page plates—it leaves nothing to be desired, but its value is greatly enhanced by the careful description of each plate in a section at the end. There are many pieces which did not appear in the original edition, notably certain remarkable examples of English cabinet work in the Royal Collection, and the book is enlivened by several conversation paintings, which have the effect of bringing the reader out of a museum into a warmer domestic atmosphere. The more austere among us could complain, if we were feeling particularly ungracious, that the choice of plates is liable to give the impression to the unwary that only the very finest and most elaborate craftsmanship deserves attention, to which the author could justifiably point out that if you have no acquaintance with the excellent you lack the knowledge to appreciate the merely good. The friendly and admiring critic would then presumably reply that some simple pieces are of exquisite craftsmanship and that a more balanced account of English furniture - making would have been achieved had they been thrown in as a leaven, and the answer would be that surely sixteenth-century oak forms and eighteenth-century Windsor chairs are simple enough for anyone. What it really comes to is that I am asking for more than I have any right to demand. The book gives us a magnificent selection, from the Coronation Chair onwards, and includes many pieces which are not accessible to the public: for example, chairs belonging to City Companies, the beautiful Regency writing-desk (Fig. 4) recently bought by H.M. the King for his own use at Windsor Castle, and the remarkable jewel cabinet made by William Vile to contain King George III's wedding gift of diamonds to Queen Charlotte—that same *parure* which she wore at their Coronation on September 22, 1761. This cabinet, which belongs to the Marquess of Cambridge, is a notable example of how an English craftsman could deal with an essentially French design and make of it something very English. No less remarkable in a very different style is a chair which anyone could have seen for the asking any day during the past 250 years, and which I imagine very few of us have ever thought about. I shall certainly ask to see it when I am next in the neighbourhood of St. Paul's. It is the walnut armchair belonging to the Bishop's Throne in the



FIG. 4. RECENTLY PURCHASED BY H.M. THE KING FOR HIS OWN USE AT WINDSOR CASTLE: A MAHOGANY WRITING-DESK, c. 1805. (Reproduced by gracious permission of H.M. the King.) This fine pedestal writing-desk is of finely figured Honduras mahogany inlaid with ebony stringing. Illustrations on this page from "English Furniture Illustrated," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Ernest Benn, Ltd.

(apparently George II. attended occasionally up to his death in 1760) is illustrated together with the table and one of the chairs. The building was by William Kent and he also designed the furniture—twelve chairs, the throne-chair and the table, which were supplied by Robert Sapp, upholsterer, in 1740. The legs of all these pieces are boldly carved with lion masks on the knees and have paw feet. Chests, tables, clocks, barometers, bookcases, lanterns, chandeliers, cradles, mirrors, candlestands, screens, aumbries, ballot-boxes, buffets—but this review must come to an end, and it is not possible to compress the book on to a single page. To sum up, this is a large book and a wise one, presented in an unpretentious matter-of-fact manner (I refer especially to the plate descriptions) which puts a vast fund of knowledge and experience at the reader's disposal in such a way that he can steer a straight course through a long and intricate story. Its wide margins and clear type are worthy of its contents.

* "English Furniture Illustrated." By Oliver Brackett. Revised and Edited by H. Clifford Smith, F.S.A. (Ernest Benn, Ltd.; 84s. net.)

EIGHT MILES ABOVE THE EARTH: PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN FROM THE "COMET."



SEEN THROUGH THE PILOT'S WINDOW OF THE *COMET* JET-AIRLINER DURING ITS TROPICAL FLIGHT TRIALS IN EAST AFRICA: THE APPROACH TO KILIMANJARO (19,320 FT.).



PARTLY OBSCURED BY CLOUD AS THE *COMET* PASSES CLOSELY BY: THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT KENYA, 17,040 FT. IN HEIGHT, PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE JET-AIRLINER.

THE photographs which we reproduce on this page are unique, as they were taken by Sir Geoffrey de Havilland from the *Comet* jet-airliner in the course of its tropical flight trials in East Africa at the end of April and the beginning of May. They show the great African peaks of Kilimanjaro (19,320 ft.) and Mount Kenya (17,040 ft.) taken from a point in the heavens 23,000 ft. higher still—that is to say, some eight miles above the earth. Although taken through the double windows of the pressurised cabin, they give clear views of great and lonely mountains, and some impression of the scenes which may be enjoyed by those who journey by *Comet* jet-airliner. Those few who have flown in the *Comet*—and they are, as yet, a very small company—speak of the lack of vibration and the strange sense of being poised in space while really moving at eight miles a minute, and also of the limitless vistas which open before the eyes of the travellers. The moon seems to be within grasp, indeed, its distance would represent only twenty flying days at *Comet* speed. The sun rises sooner and sets later for an aircraft at such a height. Indeed, *Comet* travellers may descend in a few minutes from a blaze of afternoon sunlight through all the stages of sunset and

[Continued above, right.]

[Continued.]

twilight to land after dark at a lighted port. They are navigating the stratosphere—crossing a country in an hour or less, a continent in a morning. De Havilland engineers, having made an early morning start from Cairo on May 11, were in their offices in Hatfield, Herts., just after 10.30 a.m., having flown one-twelfth of the way round the world in five and a half hours, without the least evidence of haste. The *Comet*, which has been frequently depicted in *The Illustrated London News*, is a low-wing monoplane with moderate sweep-back on the wing. The fuselage is fully pressurised to a differential of 8½ lb. per sq. in. to allow for comfortable operation at 40,000 ft. Sir Geoffrey de Havilland is the founder of the company which bears his name, and inspirer of the team which, under his leadership, created the *Comet* and its jet engines; and he was the chief technical executive on board during these trials to measure its capabilities in the unfavourable conditions of tropical heat and elevated airfields. The aircraft was practically trouble-free throughout the tests, and cases of engine spares were brought back unopened.



REMOTE DESOLATION VIEWED FROM THE *COMET*: A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH OF THE FROZEN CRAGS AND ICE-CAPS OF KILIMANJARO FROM THE AIRCRAFT, WHOSE WING-TIP IS VISIBLE.



TAKEN FROM SOME EIGHT MILES ABOVE THE EARTH: A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE ICE AND SNOW-BOUND SIDES OF MOUNT KENYA SECURED WHILE FLYING AT EIGHT MILES A MINUTE.

NOTABLE ITEMS FROM THE ANTIQUE DEALERS' FAIR: MASTERPIECES OF HANDCRAFT MADE BEFORE 1830.



A RARE SMALL SILVER TRAVELLING BRACKET CLOCK BY PAULET, LONDON, c. 1710, SIDE VIEW.
(Shown by How of Edinburgh.)



SHOWING THE DELICATE CHASED FILIGREE WORK, GILT THROUGHOUT: THE BACK VIEW OF THE CLOCK ILLUSTRATED ON THE LEFT.



WITH AN INSCRIPTION INDICATING A NAPOLEONIC ORIGIN: A MOTHER-OF-PEARL AND ORMOLU CASKET AND CLOCK. (Shown by Gerald Kerin.)



BEARING REPRESENTATIONS OF RUSTIC AND ELEGANT LIFE: FOUR LIVERPOOL TILES, c. 1770.
(Shown by Tilley and Co.)



MADE IN LONDON IN 1694: A WILLIAM AND MARY SILVER TOBACCO BOX.
(Shown by Walter H. Willson.)



BEARING SCENES OF SPORT AND COUNTRY LIFE: FOUR LIVERPOOL TILES, c. 1770.
(Shown by Tilley and Co.)

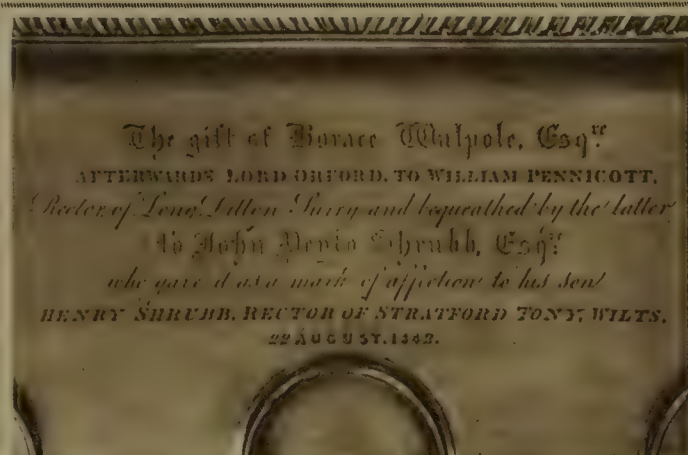


MADE IN SUNDERLAND: A PAIR OF CARVING-KNIFE RESTS IN THE FORM OF PURPLE LUSTRE CATS, LATE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.
(Shown by Tilley and Co.)



(ABOVE.) PRESENTED BY HORACE WALPOLE TO A FRIEND: A SILVER INKSTAND BY JOHN PARKER AND EDWARD WAKELIN, 1771.
(Shown by Spink and Son.)

(RIGHT.) THE INSCRIPTION ON THE SILVER INKSTAND (NOT CONTEMPORARY—DATED 1842), WHICH INDICATES THAT IT WAS GIVEN IN EXCHANGE FOR THE GIFT OF THE PICTURE OF ROSE PRESENTING A PINE-APPLE TO CHARLES II.



The Tenth Antique Dealers' Fair in London, which the Duchess of Kent arranged to open on June 8, will continue at the Great Hall, Grosvenor House, until June 23. This year the exhibits, as usual, include outstanding pieces graciously lent by members of the Royal family. The value of the collection has again been estimated at £4,000,000, and all pieces shown have been passed by a panel of experts as authentic antiques made before 1830. When one object

is sold, it is replaced by another which has also been passed by experts. The mother-of-pearl and ormolu casket and clock illustrated bears an inscription which states that it "Was given by Napoleon I. to the Admiral who escorted him to St. Helena, was left by him to the Countess of Bantry, who left it to the late owner, Miss White, of Kingstown, Co. Dublin." The mahogany barometer, by Watkins of London, incorporates a perpetual calendar dated 1753. The

IN A DISPLAY WORTH FOUR MILLION POUNDS: GUARANTEED ANTIQUES FROM EAST AND WEST.



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(Shown by Tilley and Co.)

mechanism actuating the George II. calendar is operated by geared wheels fixed to the back of the frame. The *Horæ Beatæ Mariæ Virginis*, c. 1510, is a beautifully illuminated MS. on vellum by a French scribe and contains thirteen large arched miniatures, each containing two subsidiary subjects. The James II. 22-carat gold beaker is engraved with the coats of arms of Sir William Trumbull, Secretary of State and friend of Dryden and Pope, and of his wife. It is the

work of George Harthorne. The walnut chair, which belonged to George Lewis, Elector of Hanover, later George I., may have been a gift to him from his cousin, James II., as it bears his arms. The silver inkstand, 1771, was presented by Horace Walpole to William Pennicott, Rector of Long Ditton, in return for the well-known picture by Henry Danckerts depicting Rose, the Royal gardener, presenting Charles II. with the first pineapple grown in England.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

FICTION OF THE WEEK.

MOST novels had to be conceived as fiction; the stuff is fictional, the form is its native garb. Even a novel with a purpose may have that kind of unity. But there are also novels on a subject, where the stuff is extraneous, the form imposed on it by choice. Here we have two examples—very different, but extreme cases.

"For the Record," by Mary Borden (Heinemann; 10s. 6d.), ought to chill one's blood. It is a detailed study of libicide: of how a little independent nation was ensnared, paralysed and then inevitably gobbled up, in the name of freedom, by the "one true democracy." We saw it done—although the country is anonymous, and its leading statesman is here called Bruno. The conspirators were not really master-minds. They simply had a programme, and they had what it took—unlimited effrontery, a bludgeon and a clear field. Whereas the other side could only hope for the best, and drift by inches to a foregone conclusion.

Among the patriots, Prince Louis has the most glamour. Before the war he was a playboy; then he woke up, and became a legend. And he loves Bruno. For Bruno's sake he has agreed to stay on in politics, though they are not at all his cup of tea. However, Bruno says that he can help to clear up the mess, and if he can it is his duty—even to work with Communists. The Communists are just as eager that he should; they want his legend and his ties with the West as camouflage for what is going to happen. So he must be kept sweet, persuaded to condone events till he is morally helpless.

The narrator is a young Communist who has been planted on him as a secretary—and who tries hard to loathe him. But of course he loathes him. How can a puny little bourgeois, an ascetic, a whole-souled fanatic feel anything but scorn and hatred for this large, easy, frivolous, emotional *bon viveur*? The daily pressure of his warmth is almost unbearable. And then the Princess comes back. She is an American beauty, fair as a child, brave, generous and even easier to cheat than her husband. Louis was enough for Alex; she is too much. In his tormented soul he bows down and worships her. But it is too late; he has betrayed his friends at the commandment of a foreign Power—not for the Cause, as he believed—and now he must go on lying.

The theme is hideous, but the writer's instinct is to give pleasure. And so, unconsciously perhaps, she has drawn its teeth. Instead of drama she employs a wandering, reminiscent vein, glancing ahead at all the shocks and thus destroying their impact. Even the narrator's change of heart is so much talked of all through, that one can hardly tell when it occurs or what it implies. And then, the horror is diluted by the glamour of the two leading victims, a glamour lavish and triumphant even in failure. But I am not complaining of the let-off. The facts are given; the story is absorbing and is told beautifully.

"The Show Must Go On," by Elmer Rice (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.), describes the workings of a Broadway theatre. At great length, from all imaginable points of view. Claire has the money. She has been financing shows a long time, and now she has invested in the old Farow Theatre—a legend once, but now a grave economic risk. Claire bought it largely for the thrill, but would be shocked to pay for her pleasure, or for her interest in the drama; she expects to make something out of them. In these adventures, Thompson is her right hand. He is a great producer, with an eye for profit yet a real concern for dramatic art; and he is bent on starting at the Farow with a good play—an excellent, depressing piece by a new young author. Claire hates the piece and trembles for her money, but she gives in. He may be right; and, anyhow, she is his mistress and wants to marry him.

And so "The Clouded Mirror" is produced. We follow its career step by step. We see it through the eyes of young Eric Kenwood, the bumpkin author, who can scarcely believe his luck. We see the script—as it appears to Eric—torn limb from limb, and ignominiously tossed back for reconstruction. And then the casting, the rehearsals, the delays and setbacks, and the first night, and the whole run. The commercial theatre is all before us, and on all counts—legal, financial, technical and human—it is found wanting. There is a plot as well: the split between Claire and Thompson, the private history of Eric and his first love.

Not, certainly, a graceful book. It is as if the author, so injured to the constrictions of drama, were for once enjoying a good sprawl. Only the dialogue is smooth, smart and up to date; in narrative he falls back on a queerly old-fashioned style, both literal and lumbering. And yet so honest that it has at least a moral charm. And he knows his stuff inside out.

"The House Across the River," by Margaret Bonham (Michael Joseph; 9s. 6d.), is a kind of psychological detective story. Cassel has left his wife—and seen a murdered woman in the doorway of a bombed house. Which one might think irrelevant, but Cassel is feeling guilty, though he also feels that he had no choice; and so the woman represents his wife, and gives him a nasty turn. Then, in the bar of the hotel, he meets an unknown doctor and begins to confide in him. The doctor vanishes to catch a train—and Cassel is inspired to pursue. For there was somebody who seemed to know all the answers.

Yet it is hardly a pursuit. He feels obliged to pry and question, and approach under cover—but with what idea? Why should it be rash to go straight on? Only in the doctor's Welsh birthplace does he find a reason. It may be nonsense; or he may indeed be rash. I think the plot is a failure, and of a pretentious kind. But many details, and especially the Welsh village, are worthy of a better frame.

"Uneasy Is the Grave," by John Stephen Strange (Collins; 8s. 6d.), turns on the resurrection of a secret. Years have gone by; Lydia is now a parson's wife, and lives in Boston with her husband. She can't forget and she will always be in some danger, but it looks like a happy ending. Then comes the news that Hawk Island has been sold, and that the owners mean to build a house there. The threat is back in full force, and Lydia, waiting for the blow, recalls her past, the ordeal of her first marriage, the Island and the shallow grave. But even she is unprepared for what comes to light. There has been no crime till the very end, yet the suspense is kept up all through. An excellent piece of storytelling.—K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

WHEN BRITON MEETS GREEK.

GREECE exercises a strong and undeniable influence over the minds and hearts—particularly the latter—of many Britons. Sometimes it is a Byron, longing for the comforts of Italy, yet somehow staying on among the perpetually quarrelling, continually and tragically ineffective Greek rebels and the rain, the squalor and the fever of Missolonghi. Or perhaps a Gladstone, curiously transformed into a semi-colonial administrator, waving his umbrella at the Ionian islanders, delivering them an impassioned speech in ancient Greek in the best Oxonian accent of his day—the islanders applauding politely but

regretting the fact that "Mr. Gladstone had to speak in English." Sir Reginald Leeper, our Ambassador to Greece during three years of intense difficulty—from 1943 to 1946—confesses in "When Greek Meets Greek" (Chatto and Windus; 12s. 6d.), that whereas he gave up a thirty-year-old smoking habit without regret, "my interest in Greek affairs, in spite of three years abstinence, has increased." That's the devil of it. I said that the "hearts" of Britons were affected by Greece. And I wrote it advisedly. There is no country in the world into whose local affairs, politics and quarrels Britons throw themselves so wholeheartedly or over which they become so partisan. Sir Reginald Leeper would have been justified if he had written a bitter book. In his private political opinions, certainly no further to the Right than centre, he was abused as a "monarcho-fascist beast" by the Left-wing gutter Press of the world, and reviled by the British dupes of E.A.M. in Athens, at Westminster and in Fleet Street. And at the same time he was accused of being almost a fellow-traveller by the Greek Right. Instead, Sir Reginald gives a calm, dispassionate account of the wearisome months after he first established his Embassy to the Greek Government in exile in Cairo in 1943, the intrigues within that Government itself, the slipperiness of the E.A.M. representatives first revealed at the Lebanon Conference, the gallant, well-meant but wrongheaded efforts of S.O.E., the equally well-meaning lack of vision of the British military authorities, who were "only interested in winning the war"—by methods which anyone with any political foresight could see would obviously lose us the peace.

The return to Athens, the anxious days of the E.A.M. revolt and the weary, night-long Varkiza conference, with Sir Reginald and Mr. Harold Macmillan sipping water and sustaining themselves with a single meat sandwich, while next door the apparently endless wrangle went on, gain rather than lose in interest and dramatic intensity by the quiet, even, official tones of Sir Reginald's narrative. And at the end of it all there emerges not merely the best first-hand account of this critical period of European history but of a gently humorous man who has deserved well of his own country, of the country he came to love, and of the free world as a whole.

Sir Reginald Leeper's book is scrupulously fair to the British service authorities and the Special Operations Executive in Cairo—though the shortsightedness of the one and the capacity for intrigue, both in Cairo and London, of the other must have been trying. One could have wished that Field Marshal Lord Wilson of Libya had returned the compliment in his otherwise admirable book, "Eight Years Overseas" (Hutchinson; 25s.). The universally beloved "Jumbo," in a book which should be high up on your library list, betrays an almost querulous discontent with the diplomats and politicians, and at the same time a naïveté (such as the suggestion that an early gesture to the Greek Republicans "might have kept E.A.M. on the middle of the road"—as if you can ever keep a Communist "on the middle of the road"!) which shows that in these matters they were right and he was wrong. This is, however, a small criticism to set beside the excellence of this full, lively and at times racy account of the years from 1939 to 1947. They were years which took him from the early days of the Western Desert, through "impertinent" victory and unavoidable defeat, through the Iraq, Persian and Syrian campaigns, and finally from victory to the valuable job in Washington with the Combined Chiefs of Staff, which will, we hope, form a pattern for Anglo-American co-operation which will not again be abandoned.

The Western Desert battles; as told by Field Marshal Wilson, are naturally of great interest, but the ground has been traversed before. More interesting still are the less well-known operations, such as the difficult (and painful) campaign against the Vichy French in Syria. Operating on his right flank in that campaign were some Druse cavalry. These had been raised and were commanded by that distinguished Arabist, Colonel Gerald de Gaury, who presents us with a new book on the area he knows so well in "Arabian Journey" (Harrap; 12s. 6d.). This is an agreeable if slightly elusive book—elusive because you scarcely know from chapter to chapter, or even paragraph to paragraph, whether you are reading an account of a journey or a gentle and pleasing disquisition on Arabia generally. The journeys—there are four of them—wander inconsequently to the Nejd, particularly to Ibn Saud's capital of Riyadh (which Mr. Anthony Eden, himself an Orientalist of enthusiasm and distinction, recently described to me with the fire of a poet, and which, with a wartime failure to get to the Hadramaut, I place high up on the list of my "regrets") to Asir, on the Red Sea, to the Shatt-al-Arab and finally to the Kufra oasis. It is all very pleasantly told, jinking quietly from the author's present in high-pomelled saddle or Long Range

Desert Group transport to historical descriptions of the slave trade or the Arab's taste for poetry. While the short note on the "tulip period" of Ottoman history will appeal to horticulturists, historians and lovers of word painting in equal proportions.

A large part of Colonel de Gaury's book is taken up with the great caravan routes which carried the goods of the Islamic world from Morocco to India and provided the link between East and West. I still possess a few survivors of an early nineteenth-century blue Spode dinner-service which my father bought off a camel caravan on the Baluchistan frontier many years ago. It was curious that they should have turned up there. For among the earliest and most-sought-after of the early Spode designs—as described in "Antique Blue and White Spode," by Sidney B. Williams (Batsford; 42s.)—are the Indian Sporting Patterns, beautifully illustrated and described in this nobly-produced book.—E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

CHESS is reputedly one of the fairest of all games. The element of luck is obviously far smaller than in cards. In cribbage or bezique or solo whist the cleverest player on earth cannot win if the luck of the deal is against him. It is quite widely believed that at poker a first-class player can rise above his luck and, by supreme bluff, coin money out of bad cards. Such is not the case; the best that even an expert can normally do with a long run of worthless cards is to minimise his losses by hardly opening his mouth at all. Bad cards are bad cards at poker too.

Duplicate contract bridge is on a plane above all other card games. The other members of your team, playing in another room, are receiving exactly the same cards as your opponents are getting here. But a fortuitous slam, which never should have been bid, can swing an evening's play.

Turning to outdoor sports, we find each has its special hazards. A tennis set may go one way if the ball falls half-an-inch short of the line, the other way if it is half-an-inch over. Would Tilden himself, desperately chasing a fast ball, ever claim to be able to place it within an inch?

Cricket is proverbially a gamble. Before a match ever starts, the spin of a coin may virtually decide its result.

Chess is above all chance, claim some. Chess is a game of almost frightening precision, etc. I wonder!

We are only human, you see. Botvinnik and Reshevsky are staying at the same hotel, they are to play a match-game on the morrow. They are offered the same menu. One chooses fish, the other fowl. The fish is good, the fowl is, literally, foul. As a result Reshevsky may be down to 70 per cent. efficiency next day.

Nothing to do with the chess, you say?

Well, you are up against your old opponent B. It is a toss-up whether you play the Sicilian Defence or the French Defence in answer to his 1. P-K4. If you only knew it, he is praying for you to play the French, because last night somebody showed him an absolutely devastating new line against it which he studied until midnight. If you play 1. . . . P-K3 he will have you in difficulties from move one; if you play 1. . . . P-QB4 he will have to think hard what to do on his second move, for his mind is full of the other defence.

In fact, you might as well spin a coin to decide the game.

I myself am notoriously a far better player at the beginning of a tournament than at the end. I often feel that this is distinctly unfair to the other competitors, for obvious reasons. It exaggerates for them the importance of the round by round pairings.

Then, being human, we all make oversights. We may completely overlook one of our opponent's possible moves. If that move is harmless, we may even benefit from the oversight, for we save the time which we should have devoted to analysing it. The punishment may, on the other hand, be ruthless and drastic.

The other night I came across the score of a game from the last British Championship. The loser was O. Penrose, elder brother of the J. Penrose who so distinguished himself at Southsea; he plays well—I should say, better than his opponent, who gets a seriously cramped game. But he obviously didn't consider his opponent's eighteenth move at all, and when that move was made, the game was over.

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
O. Penrose.	R. J. Broadbent.	O. Penrose.	R. J. Broadbent.
1. P-Q4	Kt-KB3	10. B-Kt2	P-QR4
2. P-QB4	P-Q3	11. Q-Q2	Kt-KB1
3. Kt-KB3	QKt-Q2	12. P-KR3	Kt-Kt3
4. Kt-B3	P-B3	13. K-R2	B-Q2
5. P-KKt3	P-K4	14. Kt-KKt1	QR-Q1
6. B-Kt2	B-K2	15. P-B4	P×BP
7. Castles	Castles	16. P×P	Kt-R4
8. P-Kt3	R-K1	17. P-KB5?	P-Q4dis.ch.
9. P-K4	Q-B2	18. P-K5	Kt×P

The game is over. White resigned! There is not a semblance of defence against the threat of 19. . . . Kt-B6 double ch; 20. K-R1, Q-R7 mate. If 19. P×Kt, Q×Pch; 20. K-R1, Kt-Kt6ch; 21. K-R2, Kt×R double ch, etc. If 19. K-R1, Kt-Kt6ch; 20. K-R2, Kt-Kt5ch; 21. P×Kt, Kt×R double ch, etc.

I feel Penrose's punishment for a slight oversight was rather drastic, don't you?



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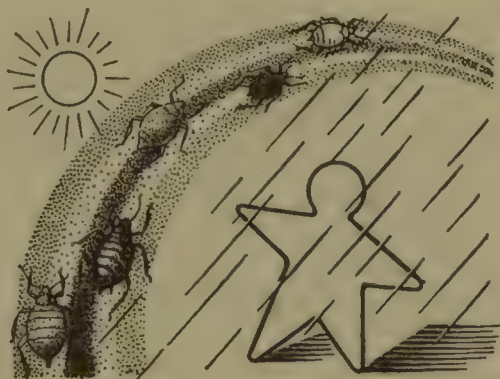
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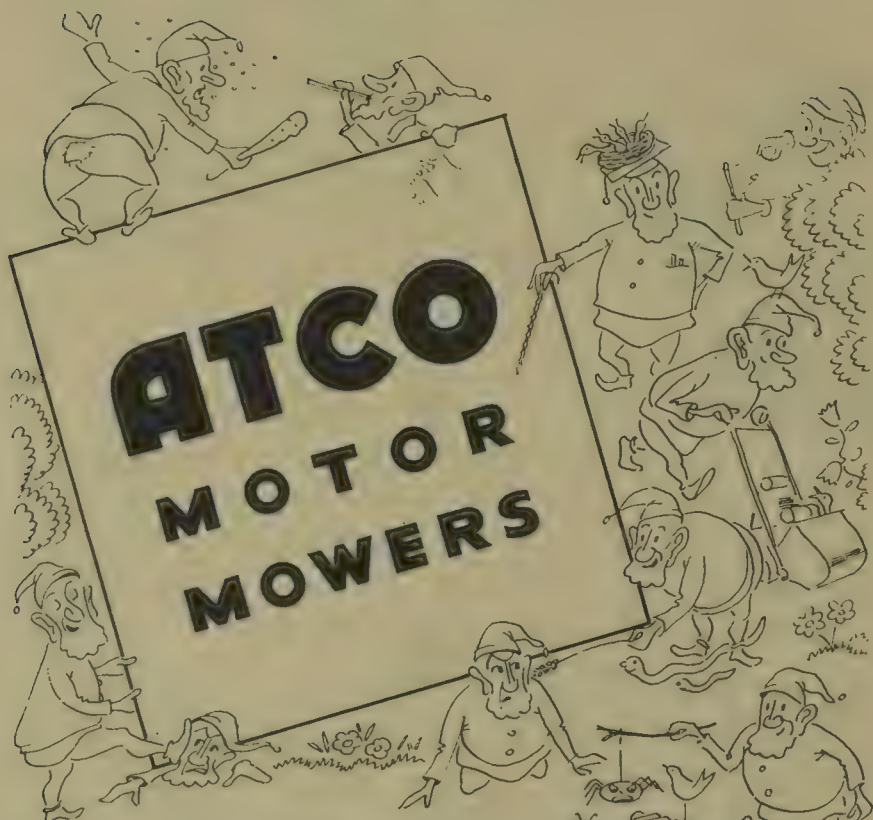
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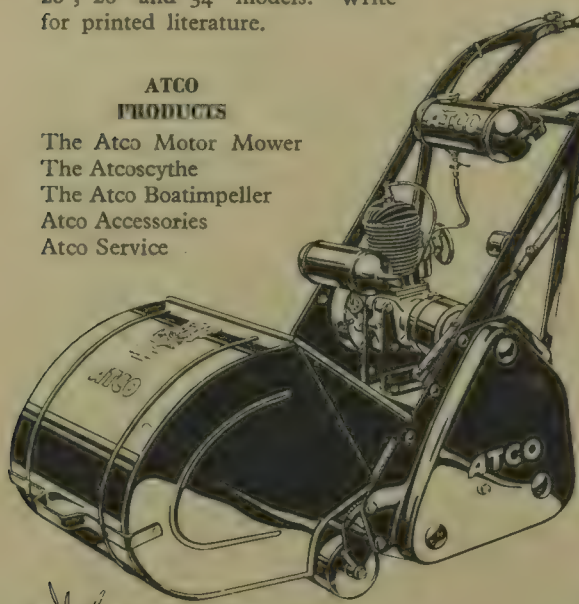
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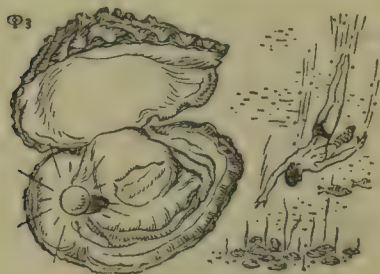
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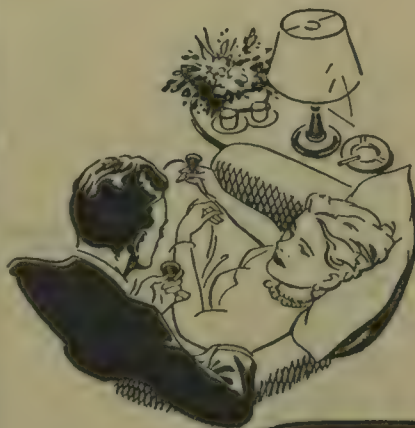
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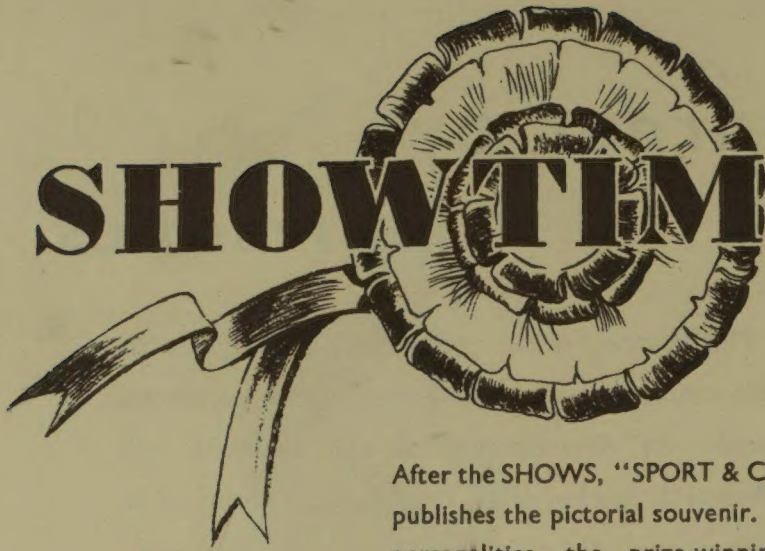
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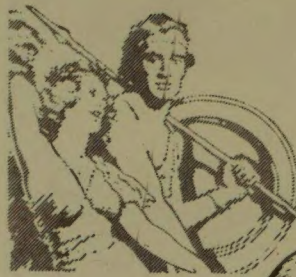
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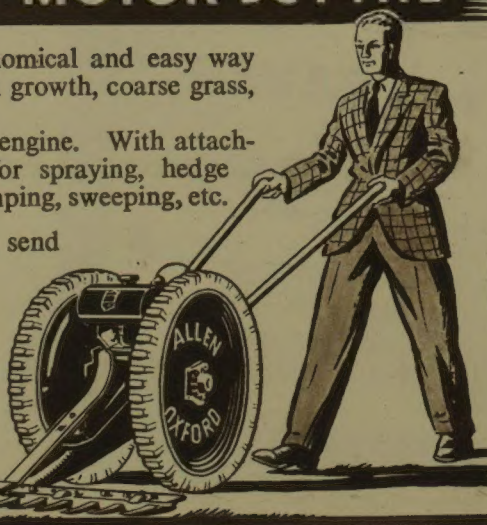
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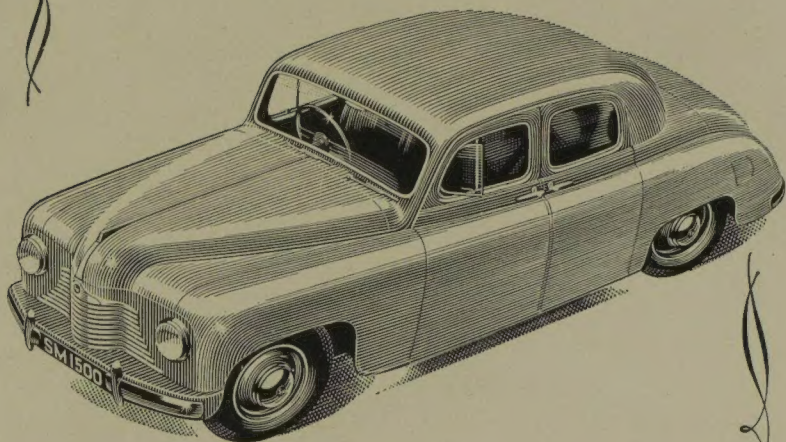
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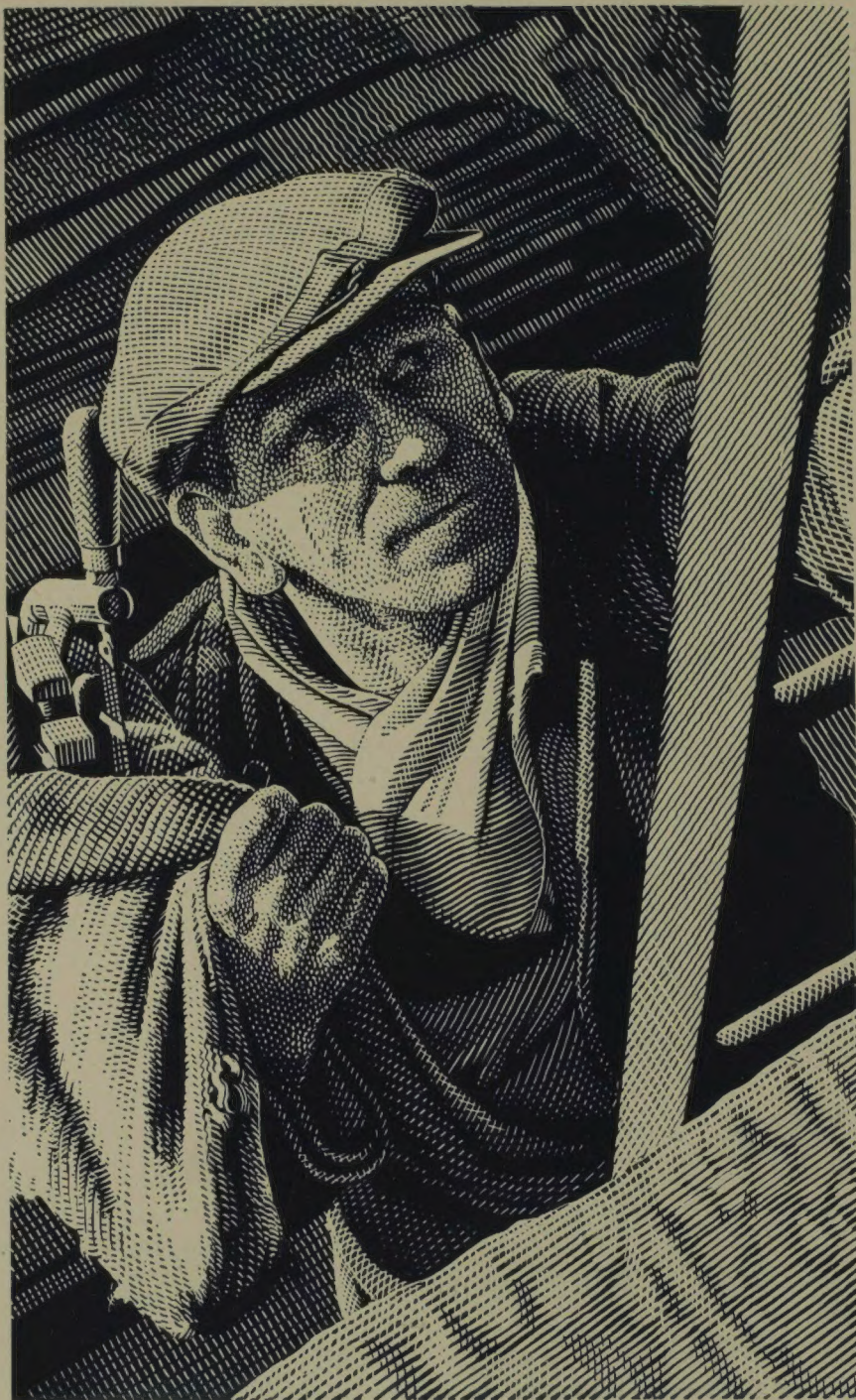
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